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THE CALL GIRL STORY



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SCANDOLLS MAGAZINE

5 WEST 8TH STREET
AT FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

VOL. I

NO. 1

EDITED BY WALTER HALE

Editorial and Photographic Assistants:
GEORGE BOARDMAN, W.M. C. THOMAS,
FRANK SIEGFRIED, MARION E. MARSHALL
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NATHAN KATZ and Associates, Advertising
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

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PLUS MISCELLANEOUS TID-BITS.



NOT that we have any excuses to make but along with this introduction to the pages of SCANDOLLS, perhaps there are a couple of explanations that might be in order. We realize that the contents of this periodical, particularly as applied to the Call Girl exposé, is pretty strong stuff and this is deliberately so. Although we will probably be so dubbed, it is not the publisher's intention to get out just another "girlie" magazine. That's why these pages are jammed with meaty, interesting, off-beat and percussion-capped stories and articles.

ALSO, we fervently desire to sell the magazine without resorting to the usual "show all and tell all" methods.

NOW, regarding the blank spaces in the Call Girl symposium. They are not there because we fear a censorious finger, nor are they there because we were warned not to use the somewhat drastic words they cover up, frank but true to life, lamentable but just as they were spoken.

NO, they are there because we realize that it is possible for persons with moronic minds to put an interpretation of filth upon them that was not even intended by the soiled doves who cooed them let alone the author who wrote them.

WE were speaking with a prominent Legislator recently and our conversation was about children reading matter intended for adults. He said, "I would rather come home and find my youngsters reading 'Erotica' than to find them with their eyes glued to the television. At least they would be reading something and at least I would know that they could read!"

WHAT was it the late Jimmy Walker said? Something about nobody ever being corrupted—mentally, morally or spiritually by a book?

STILL, we've returned to the dash-dash-dash-camouflage for four letter words with the thought that the reader doesn't need them spelled out anyway and maybe somebody will think we are the reincarnation of Louisa M. Alcott.

ANOTHER thing we must set straight. We have the utmost admiration and respect for Mr. Edward R. Murrow and at no time have we sought to embarrass him and the same goes for Mr. William Zeckendorf, the world's greatest promoter; Mr. Earl Wilson, our favorite columnist; Miss Evelyn \$50,000 Treasure Chest West; Mr. Nathan Cohn, the famous San Francisco Counsellor or, for as far as that goes, anybody.

WE have tried to dream up copy that is entertaining, a little shocking and either true as a maiden's promise or as ridiculously outrageous as it would be for Arthur Miller to write for Groucho Marx.

BACK once more to Mr. Murrow. We like what the New York Times has said about him: "As a symbol, Mr. Murrow has stood for a form of radio and television in which he has no peer thus far. It is in the intelligent and searching examination of vital public issues that by their very nature are often bound to be highly controversial that he shines!"

PERHAPS in our inept and relatively uneducated and amateurish way we are trying to accomplish something near the aims of Mr. Murrow. Sometimes there is a peculiar kind of logic in satire that wets dry words and sets people to thinking. We'll find out!

THE CALL GIRL STORY

by HEATER WALL

"There's going to be a good radio program tonight, Effie," Myrtle said. "Edward R. Murrow is going to talk about sex."

"What can he know about it?," Effie asked, cradling the receiver as she lit a cigarette. "He looks about as sexy as a plate of leftover beans."

"Oh, Mr. Murrow is one of the leading narrators," Myrtle replied. "He will do the broadcast in an interview fashion, the paper says. We'll flip off the television for this one."

"What about the kids? Are you going to let them listen?"

Myrtle giggled. "Those kids know more about the facts of life than I do. They sent for a book in a plain wrapper, \$1.98 C.O.D. The other day Freddie asked if Frank and I practice the rhythm method."

"Well, I'll tell Jack about it and maybe we won't have to see another Brigitte Bardot picture tonight, although I will say she has done more for him than all those vitamins. Call me tomorrow and we'll talk it over, 'bye.'"

Thus was the Edward R. Murrow WCBS radio program, "The Business of Sex," given its advance build-up in New York and by air time the stage coach opera was for once stilled and Mr. Murrow was permitted to address one of the largest radio audiences since Amos and Andy were at their peak and there was no competition from the so-called "idiot" box.

Mr. Murrow then proceeded to whip up a controversial tempest that made the front pages, the editorial columns and had repercussions among businessmen and police. Aunt Fannie was shocked, Lillie got a gleam in her eye envisioning a lot of hundred dollar bills and dinner at 21. Dottie calculated that she would ask for another twenty in "protection money."

If you didn't hear the broadcast or read the numerous accounts of it (the New York Post carried the script verbatim), here's the titillating story: Researchers for the radio station set out to get the 'inside' and the 'low-down' on the part sex plays in business. They came in loaded with information of more than a slightly sensational nature. They also enlisted several "Call Girls" to report via the ether. These Ladies of the Evening were augmented by a sociologist and a "Business Man," among others, who gave evidence and opinion.

Reading from a prepared script 'Person to Person' Murrow asked the questions of the unidentified cast. The replies were presumably made from separate microphones, secret and hidden microphones, probably, as Mr. Murrow told a Vice Squad Gendarme that he had no idea who the girls were.

Also, among the participants, was the voice of a "Madam" who stated that she enlisted the services of prostitutes for "Big" businessmen who used the quail to bait hooks for unwary or demanding buyers, to entertain and butter-up important executives and even to thrust a pen in a reluctant hand by promising immediate bedroom excitement.

During the course of the question and answer session, it developed that some organizations even kept Call Girls on staff, ready, willing and able to bounce upon a pad at a beckon from the

boss. Fees were written off, it was stated, under "entertainment." One tattle-tale businessman claimed that he made a buck with the aid of the doers.

A most important Madam with a most select following of captivating cuties, even published a "chick catalog" with photographs of her charges so that the client would know exactly what he or she was getting.

The awful allegations stirred naive New York like nothing since the Seebury vice investigation more than twenty years ago when it was discovered that innocent girls were being framed by unscrupulous detectives. Big Business, through a variety of anonymous spokesmen, screamed SMEAR. Murrow was accused of irresponsible reporting and an attempt was made to label the whole deal a fake, a trick and a hoax. It was said that the Call Girls on microphone were really actresses.

Broadway columnists, aware and awake as they are, made tongue in cheek cracks that were contrary, in at least one case, to an editorial comment in the same paper. Mr. Murrow's phone number became the "hottest" in town and when same was published in a column, Mr. Murrow was forced to screen all incoming calls as the pranksters were asking the impossible—"two blondes and one red head in room 344, please!"

So, who's right? Are Call Girls on the BB payroll. Does the Corporation Man function as a pimp? Are the Grey Flannel Suit and Madison Avenue Mob ready with both quail and quill? If you are buying, can you expect feminine companionship while you study the contracts?

Or is it a lie, a smirch upon the morale character of businessmen in general and "Big" business in particular?

I have employed Mr. Murrow's own technique in attempting to supply the answers and the interviews are authentic, true, documented and in some cases tape-recorded. If they seem "shocking," please be advised that they can only be so considered by a completely uninitiated, uninformed and unaware segment of the public. Don't be mad, but if you are offended by the text, then you are strictly a square, as the Beattalk's say. Prostitution is the oldest pro-





THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS EDWARD R. MURROW, shown at the microphone at which he is adept in creating controversy. Back in '54 he had the late Senator McCarthy mad at him, now in '59 he has infuriated spokesmen for "Big Business" and editorialists who declare, among other things, that he is an "irresponsible reporter." Latest furor is over a recent broadcast aptly titled: "The Business of Sex," in which a cast of alleged Call-Girls and others put the finger on tycoons and their minions, asserting that prostitutes are regularly used as business stimulators and written off as entertainment expense. An executive of the Diner's Club denied that bobs could be charged on credit cards.

fession and nobody, including J. Edgar Hoover, has yet been able to freeze it!

Now there has been a lot of pro and con discussion about whether or not a reporter can or should be made to reveal the source of his information. A television columnist recently spent ten days in the puke for refusing to do so. The girls interviewed in this symposium have been given my sacred word of honor that they would never be identified by me. I swore and signed in blood. Naturally, I had to do this to get them to speak and many were reluctant to do so even after I had taken an oath of secrecy.

I did not have the benefit of any research organization such as Mr. Murrow says he had. In fact, I did all the research myself. Interviewing Call Girls is an expensive undertaking and one that requires a good deal of diplomacy, aplomb and short con. A researcher, with the inevitable wife to report to, would have experienced embarrassment that might have influenced his report. So much so, that he might have faked the story rather than face an indignant spouse. Can't you just hear her saying: "George, if you catch anything I'll divorce you and grab every dime you've got and I won't take the children, either!"

It was evident that however reliable a research team might be under ordinary or more prosaic circumstances, in a case of this nature there would be all manner of temptation to stray from the truth.

How do you go about interviewing a Call Girl?

Well, actually, it's very simple. I was told that because of the publicity and police interest the girls would be difficult to contact. Such was not the case. I was able to obtain ten 'phone numbers from ten different persons in little more than that number of minutes and eight of the girls responded and the dates were made. All of the interviews took place in a very classy mid-town hotel. All of the girls came to my room without

the slightest difficulty. I had lunch with one of them in one of the Gotham's most hoity-toity restaurants, I had drinks with another in a famous bar, dinner with another in a cafe crowded with celebrities.

All were extremely well dressed, several complete with mink. If you could tell one from a showgirl, model, actress or even a private secretary, you would have to have an X-ray eye.

I have had a good time getting the facts, M'am, and I learned a lot. At the moment I'm just a bit fed up with sex-for-sale, surfeit-ed is probably the word. But this will pass.

VISITOR NUMBER ONE

About 26. Blonde, not necessarily naturally. Well stacked if slightly on the skinny side. About 5 feet 6. Former typist in an advertising agency. Never married. Had been hustling, she said, for about four years. No ambitions. No pimp or husband. Wore a \$2,000 mink stole, a \$150.00 suit. Underthings were cloying, revealing and expensive. Stated that she had "worked up" her own business and clientele. Took pride in the many return dates she received. Had no direct connection or communication with any organization or business head. Said she frequently cavorted with customers and that her charges were met by hosts she did not personally know or have contact with.

QUESTION: Suppose we start with the usual boring and probably irking query, how did you get started in the Call Girl Business?

ANSWER: The same way you began buying a certain brand of razor blades or deodorant. The publicity in connection with the Mickey Jelke affair hit me hard. Imagine, I thought, these girls getting a hundred dollars for what I have been giving away for a dinner, a corsage, a small gift. I thought to myself, I'll get me some of that loot and I won't give any of it to any runt like that jerk Jelke, either. I quit my job with

the ———— advertising agency and when Bob, who gave you my 'phone number, asked me what I was going to do I told him I intended to commercialize love. He thought I was kidding but one night he saw me in ———— with a couple of guys from Chicago and he knew I was really in business. A few nights later he called me up and asked me to come to his apartment and because we were friends I let him have a party at reduced rates. How did I meet my initial clients? In the ———— bar. On my first date there were several other girls and we exchanged 'phone numbers. A couple of nights later, one of them called me and from then on and to this moment I've had very few free evenings and not many nights. It sort of snowballs.

Q. Do you get calls from business men who want you to entertain their customers?

A. Not directly. I get my calls from other girls who are asked to line-up two or three girls by the business boys you mention. Then, after I have been on a party with a man I usually give him my number and he sometimes calls me for a repeat date on his own. Then, he usually has friends who look me up when they come to New York.

Q. Are you ever told not to ask these men for any money and that you will be paid in some other manner?

A. Frequently. When I go on a date the girl who called me will often either pay me then or mail me the money in a day or so.

Q. Have they ever failed to do so?

A. Not yet. The way I figure it, they can only cheat me once and until they do I am willing to take a chance. The girls I know are not bums, never go into cheap bars or hotels and have the very best



**vital
statistics**

KNOCK, KNOCK-WHO'S THERE?



THESE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ARE THE BROADS! Virginia McManus (left) is a former school teacher and Beatrice Garfield (right) is a convicted madam and Virgil's pal. Both dared to operate a brothel, police aver, at the very moment when N.Y. was bursting with the sensational 'sex-in-business' disclosures of cigarette fiend Ed Murrow. They were sneezed in the nude. It was charged, with a couple of Johns and two other girls in an East side apartment. When Virgil was told that her attorney intended to sue the judge for denying her bail, she wailed: "I'll wind-up in Alcatraz!" An interesting eventuality since inmates on that forbidding isle are 100% male (U.P.I. Photo)



TWISTED PEOPLE IN OUR TWISTING WORLD!

connections with top people. It's good enough for me to let them do the booking even if they make a few dollars more than I do.

Q. Have you ever assisted a business man in getting a contract or an order or what have you?

A. If you mean did I know anything about the deals, no. I've just been there in a party capacity and I just came when they called me. If a man wants to get to bed—we go to bed, if he wants to drink and tell me the story of his life—we drink and I listen. If he wants me to stand on my head—I stand on my head. If he wants to stand on his head—I watch him and applaud.

Q. Does any big-shot madam have your picture in a catalog?

A. Hell no. I seriously doubt the existence of any printed catalog. I have no doubt that some procurers have photographs of the girls they have on call. Lots of the dames have model style photos taken and are even listed with some of the model agencies. Some will even take an occasional job, particularly if they don't have to get up early in the morning. It's a good cover-up, gives them an excuse to carry make-up cases in and out of hotels.

Q. What is your usual fee for a night?

A. Well, as you know, I never take less than a hundred dollars if I can help it but sometimes when we've been out to dinner and had a lot of drinks and if the client says he is short, I will take eighty and a few times as little as fifty. However, I have to like a guy to accept any cut-rate propositions.

Q. What is your average weekly income?

A. It's a bad week when I don't gross five hundred. Usually I can net that much and during some of the conventions I've made five hundred in a day. However, this is hard, rough work and I am not exactly out to get rich. I just want to be independent, have all the clothes I want, a nice apartment and a car. I don't intend to wear myself out and some of the conventioners can be pretty ugly characters, especially when they are hitting the grog. They want you to dance and clown around and they can't be trusted out of the room. Go to a bar or a restaurant with one and he is liable to pat you on the behind or grab you by a gland. This attracts attention and people figure you out. I like a nice quiet date in a suite with a simp who thinks you are something nice and doesn't paw you or make nasty cracks. I let them think, if possible, that my love is not for sale except to guys I like and then only when I'm in the mood. This they go for.

VISITOR NUMBER TWO

Red head. About 23. Short and cute, say 5 foot 1. Wore shell rim glasses, a smart cloth coat, expensive suit and sweater. Beguiling eyes and manner. Exotic undies. Very intelligent. Former "pony" in a famous theatre-restaurant chorus line. Said she was contacted by several organizations including a huge printing concern, a big publishing house, two advertising agencies and a prominent broker. She also turned tricks, she said for two manufacturers and their agents. Divorced. No children. No procurer. No steady "fancy" man.

QUESTION: I suppose I'll have to ask how you broke into the sex-for-sale racket?

ANSWER: I was dancing at — and one night the producer asked me if I would like to go out on a date with some high-shots from Chicago. I asked him who else was going and he mentioned several of the girls who I knew would take anything that wasn't nailed down so I agreed to go providing there was something in it more than a bottle of perfume or a

stuffed bear. In a little while he came back-stage again and gave me a compact with a hundred dollar bill in it. He took me out and introduced me to the guys and after the show we piled into several taxis and went to a big suite in the — hotel. My guy took me into a bed-room and afterwards he gave me another twenty to do a little high-kicking for the rest of the boys and sent me home in a taxi. I had a \$120.00 opening night and I couldn't find any pieces missing so I consented to join any and all remunerative parties emanating from the club. Then one night the producer came back with Earl — from

He wanted me to go out that night with a very important customer from San Francisco. "He's drinking and when he's drinking he's very unpredictable. I want you to stay with him and if he starts to even look like he's going to leave town, I want you to call me. My boss, the producer asked, "But, how long will you want her to stay with this man, she has to make the show here?" "Listen, Earl said, "I want her to stay with him till ————, you got that?"

And don't worry about this show or any one girl... is that clear?" Well, I didn't make the last show but went cabaretting with the guy all night, Harlem included. We wound up in his suite about nine a.m. He woke up at noon and said he was hung-up and that he guessed he would grab a 'plane. I told him to call Earl first. He did and Earl was there within ten minutes, and had him signed and sealed before he was even dressed. We drove the guy to the airport in a company limousine and on the way back Earl told me that I had been a good girl and that I could be very valuable to him. He slipped me \$200.00. I still get calls from Earl and his friends.

Q. Are you listed with the madam mentioned in the Murrow broadcast?

A. Several have my number and one or two of my pictures are around, I guess, my theatrical pictures, I mean.

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NEXT PAGE



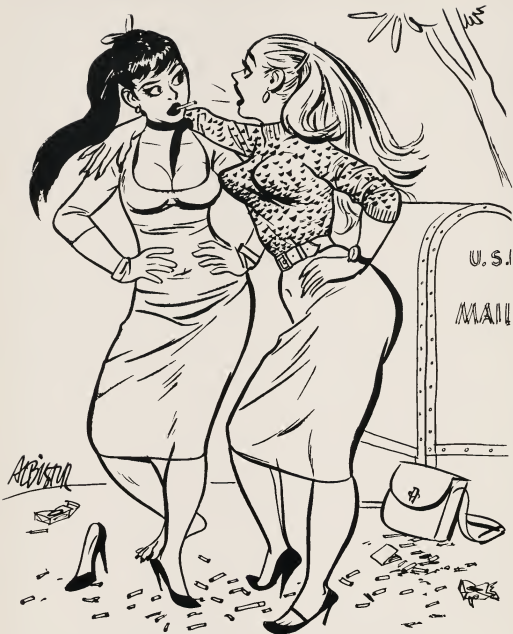


A TAX OFFICIAL TALKS

The leagues, societies, clubs and cliques would never hold still for it but it is true that the city of New York could realize \$300,000 weekly by legalizing and taxing prostitution. The girls would be issued "yellow tickets" or permits at \$10.00 per week and based upon 30,000 active women, the city's take would run into astronomical figures because, of course, even if there are not 30,000 prostitutes on the stem now, at least that many would join the ranks once they knew they were free from harassment, shakedown and pinches. This would give the Federal Government a check for income tax purposes and a requirement for issuance of the tickets would be that the girls prove themselves free from disease, dope, delusions and demoniac desires.

ENTERS COURT FOR HEARING

NEW YORK. MRS. BEATRICE GARFIELD, 27, ENTERS FELONY COURT HERE OCT. 7TH FOR A HEARING ON CHARGES OF ALLEGEDLY RUNNING A \$50-A-DAY SPORTING HOUSE IN HER EAST-SIDE APARTMENT. MRS. GARFIELD WAS ARRESTED WITH FOUR OTHER WOMEN LAST WEEK WHEN TWO POLICEMEN, POSING AS FUN LOVING SALESMEN, RAIDED THE ALLEGED SEX RING. (U.P. Photos)



"PROSTITUTION IS MORE A MATTER OF ECONOMICS THAN MORALS.
IF WE ARE GOING TO KEEP OUR TEACHERS OFF THE STREETS—WE'LL
HAVE TO START PAYING THEM!"

Q. How are you usually paid?

A. When it's one of these 'party for the client' deals, I sometimes get a check marked, 'stenographic services,' 'for modeling,' 'etcetera.' Usually they mail me the cash. Sometimes they give it to me before I meet my date. It's done all kinds of ways. Sometimes I just go to a party and nothing happens except a few drinks and a few pats but I still get whatever was agreed upon. Sometimes it's one guy and sometimes it's five or six. If it's too many I holler for more money.

Q. Can you be a little more specific. Let's say that you are called by Madam X to go to a hotel room to meet a certain Mr. Jones who is a guest of the XYZ corporation. Does the Madam pay you?

A. Yes. I go to see her the next day and she gives me the cash, whatever was agreed upon. The corporation in turn pays her. She makes about 20 or 25%. Of course, the client usually gives me a tip. He'll say, "The boys told me not to give you any money but here's a little extra something you can put in your stocking for being such a nice girl."

Q. What sort of men do you usually meet?

A. All sorts, types and kinds. Some of them are definitely unaccustomed to extra-curricular activity. Others are veritable satyrs. Many are odd and wish to indulge in perverted sexual practices. Many are as queer as a tilted slot machine. Others want to talk, brag, expound. Others want to go out on the town. If they think you are really a glamorous show-girl and not a professional whore they will want to show you off and even introduce you to their friends. Then, sometimes you'll be introduced to them at a company cocktail party and they never know for sure whether you are a Call Girl or not, even if they do know you are getting a fee for being with them. This way you act a little hard to get and the chump will usually spring for a dress, a purse, even a jewel. This kind of boob gets a talk from his host before we leave the party. "Listen, Ed," he'll say, "Virginia is a very prominent model and she is not a tart. However, she seems to have taken a shine to you and if you play your cards right —"

Q. Have you ever had any trouble on a date?

A. A couple of times when the requests were too nauseating. I don't go in for whippings and similar goings on. I've had to walk out a couple of times—that's all."

Q. What industries would you say throw the most work your way?

A. Are you going to print the list if I tell you?

Q. Hell yes. Let's knock some smug people down a peg or two. A. I just hope I don't get knocked down, too. Alright. I'll give them to you in the order of their importance. I-The motion picture industry. Press agents enlist me and the clients are exhibitors, newspapermen and writers. II-Manufacturers. III-The Clothing business. IV-The ad agencies, particularly those peddling television time. V-Various types of brokers, agents and commission men.

VISITOR NUMBER THREE

Blonde. About 31 or 32. 5 ft. 7. Rather callous. Too much make-up in the show-girl tradition. Gave the impression of "having been around." All business with no preliminaries. Suspicious. It took considerable cajolery and a lot of conversation to convince her that I was not a cop when I failed to hop into the sheets. My Diner's card was the convincer and brought a hard laugh, "You can't charge me," she quipped. Had been on the bricks as well on call and had worked in a house of as-sag-nation. She liked to drink and oiled with whiskey and money she consented to talk. She was the only caller who could possibly be spotted for a hustling girl and then only because a veneer of hardness seemed to envelope her.

Q. What led you to become a Call Girl?

A. I used to be in the show business and my husband and I came to New York with a dance act. He got sick and I started doing strips on club dates to pay our bills. But, bookings were scarce. We were in heck for plenty in the hotel and it looked like we might get tossed out. An agent called me and I got a \$25.00 banquet date. Well, you know, the Chairman of the Committee wanted more than just to see it. He dangled another twenty and conned me into going to the room with him. The drinks came fast that night and I made the hotel bill and

then some. I didn't get home until early in the morning and Bill, my husband, wanted to know the story. So I told him. He thought it over for a minute and then he said, "Well, I guess a little d-d-d-d-dling never hurt anybody." I said, "Is that the way you think about it, Bill? Doesn't it bother you that your wife is a whore?" "What's the difference? We've got to eat." We never did any more dancing. Instead, I started making the 5th Avenue, Madison and Lexington Avenue bars and I soon got to know a lot of bartenders. Then, when they all had my number, I quit hanging around. No more pick-ups, you only go that route when you are broke and desperate. However, I was in a 91st street apartment for a while but I prefer to go to the man's room rather than have him come to me. I have six or seven bartenders working for me and several cab drivers. But, I don't give them any money.

They get it from the boob before they call me or else they don't get anything. I have no use for or any truck with pimp.

Q. Are you still with your husband?

A. No. I kicked him out years ago. He liked the soft pillow, breakfast in bed and money to play pool, cards and horses with. One night he told me, "Honey, I'm hungry. You stay here by the 'phone, I'll go out and get a steak with the trimmings. What kind of a sandwich do you want?" That was enough for me. While he was enjoying his steak I was checking out. Haven't seen him since."

Q. I'm anxious to learn whether or not you have ever functioned under the auspices of Big Business. In other words, are you ever hired to entertain prospective customers or persons businessmen want royally treated?

A. No. I'm not in the clique. I have no connections with any of the Public Relations boys who usually line up the broads. I have been on parties and have one guy take me aside, slip me the money, and tell me to ——— so and so and so and so but that happens with every girl who'll take a date. I don't know any of the agencies or madams, either. I'm strictly on my own.



It was only a couple of decades ago when every lively city had its stockade, crib section or out-house district. When these were closed the dames moved down-town and it wasn't until World War II that open prostitution was effectively boarded up and abated. In London today there are thousands of sleazy harridans hustling the streets. Piccadilly Circus has a bag for every brick who will call to you and even grab you if you look chicken.

Here we can boast beautiful and refined courtesans who cannot be told from film stars or society sirens. These scrumptious dolls in their costly raiment will, for a rather stiff fee, come to our lodgings and make us merry, alleviate the pain of living in a cruel city. All we need is a number. Now, if I was lonesome tonight and didn't have a sponsor I would certainly call Naomi at OR _____ or Thelma at the _____ Club.

Let's let the girls and their connoisseurs alone 'ere we drive them and all the Playboys, Good Time Charlies, Boobs and Buyers to Los Angeles with the Giants and the Dodgers. Or fill the streets with less glamorous frills.

"Ouis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Who shall guard the guards themselves? "Vivat Regina!" Long live the Queen!



CHARGED WITH "CALL GIRL" RACKET

NEW YORK, N.Y.—POLISH-BORN NELDA BOGART, (ABOVE), 32, WHO CAME TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1951 AS A DISPLACED PERSON, WAS CHARGED BY FEDERAL AGENTS HERE WITH OPERATING A "FANTASTIC" \$125, CALL GIRL SERVICE FEATURING AN INTERNATIONAL SELECTION OF GLAMOROUS WOMEN. ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY JOHN A. KEEFFE SAID THE GIRLS CAME FROM ITALY, FRANCE, SPAIN, HAITI AND CUBA ON VISITORS PASSPORTS. MISS BOGART WAS SPECIFICALLY CHARGED WITH VIOLATION OF THE MANN ACT BY TRANSPORTING ONE OF THE GIRLS FROM NEW JERSEY TO NEW YORK FOR PURPOSES OF PROSTITUTION.

SHE FEVER



"HELLO DARLING . . . DO YOU
REMEMBER TELLING ME I WAS
TOO STUPID TO LAND A JOB
OF ANY KIND?"

VISITOR NUMBER FOUR

Brunette. Pert, insouciant, sharp, 5 feet 5½, ample breast-works, derrière undulated enticingly beneath tight skirt. Former cloak and suit model and a high priority piece when first introduced as a Call Girl. Wore long clock stockings showgirl style. Had hearts and flowers embroidered in strategic places upon her panties and brassiere. Said she was 25 but she seemed worldly wise beyond her years. However, they learn fast, it says here.

Q. I wonder, did you enter your profession by choice?

A. Nobody got an arm-lock on me. On the other hand, there was a lot of pressure. You see, I was a cloak and suit model for — and Co. Inc., and every day is show day. Buyers come in from all over the country to glim the latest style creations and, believe me, they don't just admire the merchandise. My fanny was constantly black and blue but, of course, all they really meant to pinch was the material. I used to get, on an average, a proposition an hour and I don't infer that they all came from the male contingent. I knew that several of my colleagues were accepting dates and since there were no Rock Hudson types among the eager little finger foundlers, I figured that coin of the realm must be changing hands.

Q. So you began going on dates yourself?

A. Words to that affect. One day the salesmanager Abe — cornered me and said he had a problem. A big buyer from Duluth had, as Earle Stanley Gardner says, put the cards on the table. An evening with me or no signature on the well known dotted line. I asked Abe if he considered me a prostitute and he did everything but crawl under the rug. Finally he said it wouldn't hurt me to be nice to the guy even if he was from Duluth. I asked Abe if he had any scruples about getting business by selling my body and he squirmed again but finally cracked that he would get the guy his mother except that the guy wanted a young broad. Of course, you understand, this was all in a kidding vein but, on the square, I wouldn't put it past Abe to — himself for a \$30,000 order.

Q. You co-operated with Abe?

A. What could I do, bankrupt the corporation? Yes, I agreed to meet the mouse at his hotel for one hundred dollars and the suit I happened to be modelling. The guy could buy, alright, but he had nothing to sell. It was all in his miserable little pornographic mind and I was out of the joint in twenty minutes with scarcely a ruffle to show for the wrestle. So, I said to myself, maybe the racket does have a thing or two to recommend it. Being a good girl doesn't put any ninety dollar suits (wholesale) on your back or any C notes in your poke. Abe never had to conx so hard again but I rapidly developed a cash-register personality and really went out for every last buck. Good thing I did because I was in for what True Story magazine calls "a great big disillusionment!"

Q. How was that?

A. On the second time round the lecherous lops weren't so eager. Third trip and they weren't interested. Fourth call and they wanted new stuff, the greener the better. It got so that I felt like used merchandise and even my job was in jeopardy. The only reason Abe kept me on, I guess, was because he was afraid I might talk. So, in preparation for any eventuality, I started giving a few of the boys and girls my 'phone number. From that moment on there was no more rooting for the firm, no more 'cover-up,' just the old boy meets girl for money routine. I don't punch a clock any more!

Q. Would you say that there were others of Abe's stripe in the clothing industry?

A. Would I say it? I'll scream it, moan it and holler it! All of the big manufacturers have an Abe counterpart. Sometimes it's the salesmanager, the son of the boss or the boss himself. Buyers want to — They expect it. They are educated to it and they demand it. If they don't get it, they go elsewhere and elsewhere is a lot of places. They deal the same in underwear, bathing suits, lingerie, and even furs.

Q. What you are telling me is an indictment of an entire industry. You realize that, don't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Would you be willing to sign an affidavit attesting to what you have stated?

A. And go to jail? Certainly not. I'm making a good living out of the racket and I don't intend to stir up a big stink. I don't mind giving you a story for a book but to instigate what might be a full scale investigation would get me nothing but trouble and run all of the business over to Philly.

Q. Your testimony is dynamite. I'm a little leery of it. Now, would you be willing to do this—I'll start the tape-recorder and you read back just what you have said. Then, if I get into trouble over it, I'll have the tape to prove that I got the information through a legitimate interview with an authentic Call Girl and that I just didn't make it up out of the whole cloth (no pun intended).

A. No. It's probable that my voice would be recognized.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Unknown to the young lady the entire conversation was tape-recorded for easy transmission.

VISITOR NUMBER FIVE

Ah! Here was a dish, a dish for the beauty gourmet, a dish for Follywood serving! Blonde, statuette, about 5 foot 7 with a behind that wiggled in the Marilyn manner. Some experience as an actress, a model and a showgirl but she always was, it can be averred, destined for more important things. Wore a fitted suit, a stole that cost a buck and a hat that didn't come from Macy's. A romper, cuddler, a capricious and captivating cutie. Wore cunningly contrived peek-a-boo undies, calculated to coerce a clergyman. Talked with a fake southern accent. Was the soul of frankness, willing to pose for pictures, sign anything, tell on anybody.

Q. My opening gambit is always the same. How did you become a Call Girl?

A. Honey, ah don't exactly know if I'm a real Call girl or not. Frank — has had my numbnah for a long tahn and ah know when he gives it to his friends, they are going to be fine people. Did you read about me in a pnhpads? Where it says that I only go with movie stars? This ain't exactly right but I do meet with some of the most famous men! You know what they say? They'd rather give me some money than to play with all those



STEPPING INTO THE LIMELIGHT
NEW YORK, — — RED-HAIRED ERICA STEELE, A MAJOR WITNESS IN THE SENSATIONAL MICKEY JELKE VICE TRIAL, ARRIVES FOR THE FEB. 19, 1933, SESSION OF THE TRIAL WITH HER ATTORNEY, NOAH BRAUNSTEIN. SHE WAS SCHEDULED TO TESTIFY CONCERNING HER ALLEGED PART IN THE CAFE SOCIETY CALL-GIRL RACKET, REPORTEDLY MASTERMINDED BY JELKE. (United Press Photo)



"SORRY, MR. FRISBIE—YOU'VE BEEN OUTSPENTI!"

SHOCKING CITY OF SIN



VICE ARREST

NEW YORK: JOSEPHINE EVANS (RIGHT); FRANK MARINO, OF THE LA CASA FELLOREA BAR, AND JUDY HARDESTY ARE SHOWN IN A POLICE SQUAD ROOM HERE JULY 30. THE THREE WERE ARRESTED AFTER DETECTIVES, PLANTED IN THE BAR, WERE INTRODUCED TO THE GIRLS BY MARINO. THE GIRLS TOLD THE DETECTIVES TO MEET THEM AT THE HOTEL CONGRESS. ONCE IN THE HOTEL THE POLICEMEN FLASHED BADGES AND ARRESTED THE GIRLS, AND THEN WENT BACK TO THE BAR AND ARRESTED MARINO. THE GIRLS WERE CHARGED WITH COMPULSORY PROSTITUTION AND MARINO WITH PROCURING. POLICE SAID ABOUT 10 OTHER GIRLS ARE KNOWN TO HAVE OPERATED FROM THE BAR. (U.P. Photo)



"YOU KNOW, MY DEAR, IF THE GOVERNMENT COULD—THEY'D TAX THIS, TOO!"



HEADING FOR QUESTIONING

NEW YORK: BLONDE MODEL, 23-YEAR-OLD PAT THOMPSON, WALK TOWARD THE NEW YORK DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING IN CONNECTION WITH A VICE INVESTIGATION. SHE WAS BOOKED AS A MATERIAL WITNESS IN THE PROBE. (United Press Photo)



" WHEN HE ASKS 'DO YOU TAKE THIS MAN' HE DOESN'T
MEAN FOR HOW MUCH...JUST SAY 'I DO'... "

LONDON Letter

*** IF THE SIGN ON YOUR DRESSING ROOM DOOR IS A STAR—THEN YOU'RE EASY MEAT. . . . ***

IT'S a party, a smoke and noise-filled room, and the girls are cuties from the show business world who are dressed to kill in the hope that someone will point the white-hot finger of fame at them.

Say you're a star, and you drop in for one drink to say "hello" to a friend. In the few minutes you're there, you are casually introduced to a girl whose name you cannot even remember five minutes later.

Flick off the calendar months, and one day you open a newspaper and spot a photo of a well-shaped lass whose curves make a roller coaster look like the straight and narrow.

And you stare in disbelief at your name, followed by the searing quote: "I met him at a party."

It's a vice case, a real Sgt. Friday job, and that quick courtesy drink some months back may cost you a million-dollar career.

When New York cafe society vice ring trial was on, the judge barred the press from part of it because the evidence might demoralise the country's youth.

It was a story of rich men who paid for favours . . . and the names of several film stars were dragged into the case by the defence.

It was alleged that Pat Ward, 21-year-old "call girl," had met Mickey Rooney and John Carradine.

Rooney hotly denied that he had ever entertained Pat alone, and Carradine protested that she had never been out with him.

Here, if proof was needed, was the proof that the white-hot finger of fame can burn.

It didn't in the case of Rooney and Carradine.

But it's a sobbing, steady thought when someone says: "Drop around for a drink to meet some friends?"



MADAM TESTIFIES AT RACKETS PROBE
WASHINGTON, D.C.—ANN THOMPSON, MIDDLE-AGED MADAM FROM SEATTLE, TRIES TO HIDE HER FACE FROM PHOTOGRAPHERS AS SHE LEAVES A SENATE RACKETS HEARING. MISS THOMPSON WAS QUESTIONED CONCERNING A REPORTED PLAN TO OPEN A STRING OF BAWDY HOUSES IN PORTLAND, ORE. (U.P. Photo)



AL
SARGENT

"THE SERVICE IS ALWAYS GOOD HERE."

pretty girls foh free. You see, they know they ain't gonna get into trouble with me . . . I ain't gonna sue them or say they raped me. Then ahm convenient, honey, convenient. They calls little 'ole me and ah comes.

Q. I take it that you count among your friends and clients many Hollywood personalities. Do they all have your 'phone number and do you more or less confine your activities to this particular field?

A. Honey, ah ain't about to come a callin on just anybody. Ah plays with writers, directors, actors and producers and they have mah numbah. Ah mean, honey, they wants me in pictures and ah been on television lots of times. You saw me carry that cahd about the coming next week acts on the

show? Ah

went out that night with the singer, you know

He's a doll. Nevah gives me less than a hundred daliahs and he just loves to autograph me!

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Transcribing the remainder of the interview would prove ambiguous as it is full of names that cannot be included. Suffice it to say that this blonde baggage has filled a particular role with verve. But, she is talkative and if I was a certain cinema comedian I would want her gagged.



HOUSE DETECTIVE'S REPORT

(Obtained at one of the largest and finest New York chain hosteleries)

Of course, I know that hundreds of Call Girls go in and out of the hotel every week. I am here for just one reason and that is to protect the guest, not to tell him or her what kind of a life to lead. I am a dick, not a moralist. I see the dames come and go but if they are presentable and mannerly there is nothing in this world that I dare to do about it. Say, some of these dames are dressed like a million dollars. They arrive in limousines. Suppose I step out of line and put the pinch on one and it turns out that she isn't a Call Girl at all but somebody's wife, daughter, secretary or some Big Shot's girl friend. Not only would I be a dead duck—they could sue the hotel for a trillion and collect.

I'm on the look-out for bum broads who are out to roll somebody, steal something or commit any of the hundreds of other larcenies. I'm not about to interfere in the love for money department. Suppose I could keep the chicks out of the rooms. Know what would happen? We'd have hundreds of check-outs and a million beefs. We'd lose more customers that the American Air Lines. Say, these men come to New York to play and they want to have the finest accommodations for it.

My job is to give them protection, not interference. The hotel wants them happy. That's why we load the baths with plenty of extra towels.

VISITOR NUMBER SIX

A platinum job done up in a classy chassis that would stop traffic in Decatur and slow it up on Broadway. About 30 with a bust that would compare favorably with Lella's or Gina's, this doll was a bigger surprise than anything you could ever get in a package even if they made a mistake and gave you the pitchman's watch. First of all she gave me a sheet-writer's hand shake, dropped her fur, her purse and flopped on the bed in a manner indicating that she desired to work fast and go home early. When she pulled off her dress she didn't have a single, solitary stitch underneath it. Which was just as well.

She refused to tell me one damn thing and categorically denied that she was a Call Girl. "What do you take me for—a whore?" She said she was only looking for a match and that I had corrupted her with money. She charged that the bill was marked and that I was a cop. It took a little doing to quiet her down.

VISITOR NUMBER SEVEN

Hair, auburn. Figure, curvy. Age, 28. Disposition, skeptical but serene. Fashionably and expensively clad and she certainly wasn't flat-busted, medium height and weight.

With this subject it was necessary to vary the question and answer routine. First, I had to play several of the tapes made by the other girls and read parts of their testimony in order to convince her that I was on the square and wasn't trying to frame her into durance ville. She flatly refused to answer queries as applied to herself but agreed to comment upon the remarks and statements of the others. I've condensed what she had to say into the following:

"These broads have been telling you partial truths and perhaps one of them, at least, has given you the straight goods. However, I have been pounding the bricks in and out of New York for nearly ten years and I think I know the score. You show me a [redacted] and I'll show you a pimp. These dames don't go out and peddle it for just money and clothes. Back of every trick there's a man, a demanding man who wants that money brought home, neatly folded and pinned on the dresser.

The French say, *Cherchez La Femme*—Find the Woman, but in the whoring racket it's "Find the Man," and in any language. Dolls are too lazy to get out and really hustle if they don't have a man prodding them. They are too uncertain, too stupid and too romantic. You take an "outlaw" dame . . . what does she do? She turns a few tricks and then runs off with a sailor. Whores are like actresses . . . they have to have a manager. Don't let them kid you, there isn't one in ten that doesn't have a pimp and usually the one's that don't are really only semi-pros—playing in a bush league.

And, another thing, to hear them tell it every trick is a hundred dollar winner. This is malarkey.



PRESS ADMITTED TO VICE TRIAL

NEW YORK: NEWSMEN ENTER THE COURTROOM WHERE THE VICE TRIAL OF MINOT F. (MICKEY) JELKE WAS OPENED TO THE PRESS AND PUBLIC, FEB. 24, 1953, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE JUDGE FRANCIS L. VALENTE CLOSED THE ROOM FOR THE DURATION OF PROSECUTION TESTIMONY. ADMISSION OF PRESS AND PUBLIC HAD NO BEARING ON AN ACTION BROUGHT BY TWO PRESS ASSOCIATIONS AND FIVE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS TO FORCE VALENTE TO OPEN THE COURTROOM. (U.P. Photo)



True, there are a few stupid conventioners who think that's what it costs because the papers say so. Also some of these Madison Avenue parties can win a girl a hundred but she might have to stay with several guys, or at least all night with one, in order to get it. For every hundred dollar date there's many a twenty and even a ten. To hear these broads you've been talking to spout you'd think the [redacted] was made out of uranium and every chump was a Texan.

Do you really think that these dames could be so keen, cold and calculating as they make out? They have to have a man that they think they are patting in business or educating. A man they think will marry them when the boodle's big enough. They have to have somebody to come home to, somebody to run them a bath, to con them around, to line them up, to give them some legitimate loving or a whack in the kisser. Somebody to beat and berate them. Somebody lower than themselves so that they can keep some measure of self-respect, a little ego.

You know why I'm in this room now? Because my "Old Man" has a thirty dollar a day habit. If I were to stop hustling for two days he'd run out of stuff. If he runs out of junk he goes nuts—pulls a job and he's back in the stir.

The Business of Sex? It's the nastiest racket of them all, I have ten different flats that I call for dates . . . ten different madams and I split fifty-fifty every buck I make after I deduct cab fare. Every madam that I hustle for has a pimp. Most pimps have more than one girl."

A COP'S COMMENT

What you writer guy's don't realize is that there are "wheels within wheels." Every time the police department goes on what the paper's call a "vice clean up," there's hell to pay more ways than one. The city spends plenty of money to coax conventions here, then we knock off the broads and close the town up. The butter and egg boys can't get laid and they scream bloody murder. "Next year, By Jesus, we'll go to Chicago!"

We try to keep it down. Keep the gulls off the streets. Hoose down the horrid and deport the dangerous. Then, along comes a guy like this Murrow and he broadcasts that there may be 30,000 chicks churning in the city. Right away we have all kinds of groups demanding that the traffic be stopped. You know those letters to the editor? Well, the Mayor gets the same kind.

So, right away everybody gets excited, bothered, fervent and busy. We got to go out and tail these dames, tap their 'phones, raid apartments. But, does this make the hotel, the restaurant, the bistro, the cafe, the night club, the hat check, the liquor store, the bar or the taxi guy happy? Hell no.

What they ought to do is to legalize it along with the off-track betting and let the city and state collect a tax. Then maybe we could put the garbage men back to work. The filth of New York will never be cleaned up by arresting the whores. I'm in favor of making the pimps sell tickets. It would be the first time in all history that procurers were made to work.

VISITOR NUMBER EIGHT

A sprite and the pixie type. Congenial, affable, witty, literate. Blonde, 5'4, amply reared, ripe mammary glands, sexy legs. Smartly dressed. Intriguing undies. Azure eyes. About 25.

Q. How long have you been a C-Girl?

A. Oh, off and on . . . ha, ha . . . that's it, off and on . . . I guess for about three years. I used to pose in the nude for a couple of artists in the Village. I met a few of the sponsors and found it warmer up town and under the sheets. I've been working out of G——'s East Side apartment for several months. She has the best Johns, most of them, as you know, are in the advertising business and they all have expense accounts that cover a myriad of sins, or so it seems.

Q. The police have been raiding call houses, bugging the 'phones and breaking in and catching the girls in the act. Aren't you afraid of getting nailed?

A. Certainly. However they won't pass-key the joint on me. I never turn a trick anywhere except in a man's room. Also, I know that G—— has plenty of friends and nobody is going to give her a bum steer or try to frame her. If I get caught it will be strictly bad luck, the breaks of the racket. Maybe a bellboy will put the finger on me or maybe a cab driver or a desk clerk. If it happens, I deny everything. I have no record.

Q. What if you are caught with marked money?





"I HAD TO SLAP HIM A COUPLE OF TIMES . . . HE FELL ASLEEP."



MENTIONED IN TESTIMONY AT JELKE TRIAL

NEW YORK: THE NAME OF COMEDIAN JOEY ADAMS (ABOVE) WAS MENTIONED IN THE TESTIMONY OF GRACE APPEL WHEN THE 19-YEAR-OLD FRIEND OF CALL-GIRL PAT WARD TOOK THE STAND IN THE LAST DAY OF THE MICKEY JELKE VICE TRIAL, FEB. 27, 1953. MISS APPEL TESTIFIED THAT SHE AND MISS WARD WENT TO A PARTY STAGED BY JOEY ADAMS. (United Press Photo)





"IT WILL HAVE TO BE ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN!"

SUMMING UP

A. Then I claim that it was strictly romance on my part and that the man slipped it in my purse. I'll tell the judge that I never asked for or expected money.

Q. Have you ever been a school teacher?

A. No. However, I have given a few lessons.

CONSUMER'S REPORT

And so what is all the hub-bub about? Sure, I buy a lot of girls. And why not? Don't we have the finest, the most beautiful and the most talented courtesans in the world right here in New York? Should we take a back seat to the French? I've been in Gay Paree and I wouldn't trade one New York whore for a dozen of the Demimondames, or whatever they call them.

You take Sid from Seattle, Hermie from Salt Lake, Lew from Denver. They buy my whole line. So, why shouldn't I line them up a little? Does it hurt anybody? Everybody got to make a living. They tell me these radio and television guys like a party. So why should they knock it?



There will be those who, after reading this report, will deduce that the country was better off in the good old pre-inflation two dollar days when the femmes were available to the poor as well as the rich. Many claim that sex crimes are caused by the scarcity of wholesome harlots willing to dispense woo for a fair share of the unemployment check. There are some who demand the return of cribs or at least the good old fashioned all nationality houses. Others would place chastity belts on all single broads and throw away the keys.

These are the facts! Race, creed and religion have nothing to do with it. In fact, whoring is one profession in which there is little, if any, prejudice. No amount of lamentation, pulpit pounding or high sounding can alter the bare, succinctly stated truths and cracks in this tome. And I think I've hit a representative cross-section of sexes. Whatever the bull-baloo, whatever the righteous and indignant denials, the girls will still traipse to your scatter once you have buzzed them and indicated a willingness to bounce. You can legislate against it, ban it, decry it and despise it but sex will percolate and Frunella will promiscuously promenade as long as that little difference, that separates the boys from the girls, exists!

There's nothing that anybody can do about it. Perhaps it would be better to un-freeze it and get prices down but then, if that happened, we wouldn't have all those stunning girls in their diamonds and minks enhancing the bistros and keeping the movie stars on their toes.

"Yes, but Dohink—for me it should be wholesale!"

After all, what is the difference between copping a little money and accepting a mink, a convertible or a yacht? Then there's the cry of the wounded stag who escorts her to dinner, a cabaret and what have you and winds up on the front porch with just enough left to take the Times to bed with him! In all fairness, as long as the Call Girls keep the Johns off the penicillin and entertain with that certain indefinable elan—who is to complain?

So far, nobody has demanded their money back, [REDACTED]



Harlotry has a long history in California, Mabel began. There was a time when the whores held annual parades and the Mayor always rode at the head of the procession, proud indeed of the flamboyant baggage behind. Courtesans have played important roles in the world's history and they have always been badgered and beleaguered by females possessing neither the temperament nor the looks to succeed in the field of amour. The so called "good" women are invariably cold and unresponsive. I should know, I have spent many years entertaining their husbands.

There is a set of rules for perfection in prostitution. I once strived to have my girls pattern themselves accordingly. Here they are:

Dress elegantly and be cheery and amiable, yet do not giggle at any little thing, but only smile, which is much more attractive.

Treat shrewdly, but without fraud, the men who seek you or take you to their homes.

When paid to assist at a banquet, take care not to get drunk, neither stuff yourself with food like an imbecile, so that later you cannot serve your lover well.

Never speak more than is necessary and never make fun at anyone.

Have eyes only for the man who has paid for you.

In making love, resort to no obscenity, but perform your task with care and loving attention, bearing in mind but one thing, to win the man and make him a steady lover.

Especially be charming to ugly or unappealing men, provided they have money, for this is the class that pays the best, the beautiful men wanting only to give you their looks.

Any girl, coming even close to these precepts, would make plenty for her pimp. Did you know that in Constantinople schools for courtesans were conducted? The arts of the trade of love were taught without incurring the repulsion of the public. Girls from respectable families were often sent to learn the 99 ways of the curriculum in the belief that they would become better wives for it. If such a temple of learning existed today, there would certainly be a decline in the divorce rate and we would have accomplished wives and whores both. This is a jack-rabbit age in which we live.

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A dowager type dame went into a furniture store to buy a chaise longue. The salesman kept trying to sell her a double sized bed as the store was overstocked on double sized beds and an extra commission was offered to any salesman that sold one of those items. So the salesman was doing his level best.

"Lady, how can you pass up a bargain such as this?" This beautiful bed used to sell for over two hundred dollars and I can now offer it to you for fifty bucks."

"Young man," said the woman, laughily. "I have no use for a double bed. All I want or need is an occasional piece in the living room!"

A brand new widow called at the office of her departed husband's insurance company for the money due her on his policy. The manager said:

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"I am very sorry, ma'am, to hear of your great loss."

"That's the trouble with all you men," she said. "You're always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."

Is Nudism "Big Business?"

You have just read, if you are taking this in from cover to cover, a very sincere article on the subject of Nudism by Allen Stuart but since this is primarily a humorous, satirical magazine, we must butt in here with a little account of our own before we let you go ahead and read another serious piece on the bare subject.

Recently a nudist wedding was held up in Colorado at one of the more uninhibited colonies where they like publicity and are willing to bare both mind and body to get it. Miss Evelyn West, who seems to have just about taken over these pages, was invited to be a bridesmaid and a very fetching one she made, indeed, judging by the photos we have on hand but lack the intestinal fortitude to print.

To "cover" this event, Mr. Earl Wilson, author of the "It Happened Last Night" column showed up and doffed a few garments himself. So many, in fact, that it soon became obvious that he was not the best man. Whether he ever reported the event in his column we could not say as we do not, as a rule, peruse Mr. Wilson's column because we know all of the press agents from whom he gets most of his material which they convey to us before they do to him. Anyway, he was there and bare with a top-hat to prove that he was only kidding.

What really puzzles us is—why was Bill Zeckendorf, the financial wizard with enough fancy hotels to challenge the Hiltons, on the scene? What motive could have brought this huge and great man to the tying of a nudist nuptial knot? Bill Zeckendorf is doing a fair job of corraling money. How can a buck be made out of a nudist shindig and why the cowboy hat and western attire?

It brings up the obvious question along with other things. Is BIG BUSINESS taking over the nudist movement? If so—why?



"Big Business" Bill And Blushing Ev



Earl Wilson With Evelyn And Nudists



Barelegged, comfortably relaxed, Vega Vinci puffs a cigarette as she lounges in her apartment which has a wonderful river view.

Don't miss this Swiss miss

IF you want to get to know lovely Swiss film starlet Vega Vinci don't for one moment regard language as a barrier.

This talented newcomer has completed one film in Paris and currently is making another in Germany.

She speaks German, French and English fluently and the Continental film colony regards her as one of its most promising discoveries.

She was hailed as a find after her performance in

"Club de Femmes" which quickly won her the booking for a strong part in her current assignment, "Mon Petit."

"Mon Petit" is being filmed in Germany.

Born in Zurich 19 years ago Vega has natural blonde hair. Her measurements are a striking 36-23-36. She studied dramatic art at the Sollange Citar before setting off in quest of a film career.

She has a fondness for casual clothes.

They didn't tell you this!

COWARDICE

KILLED COOK

**Great navigator died horribly
while his men looked on in fear!**

EXTRA!



Captain James Cook — discoverer of Australia, one of the great navigators of all time, mathematician, astronomer, and author, died suddenly and horribly.

HE DIED BECAUSE THE MEN WITH HIM WERE COWARDS!

In keeping with his character he was the last man to return to the boats when the natives turned hostile.

Wading alone, in shallow water, he signalled to his companions for help. THEY GAVE HIM NONE.

He fell to a treacherous attack, while the men he commanded looked on.

Robbed of honors

HE WAS 51 when he was struck down. If he had lived to return to England, King George would have created him a Baronet. Honors would have been heaped on him.

He lost all these rewards — and his life — because his men wavered when courage was needed.

Death was singularly unjust to James Cook, when it took him on that February afternoon in 1779, in warm tropical waters of the Sandwich Islands.

Captain Cook was a resolute man, but gentle in character. Welfare of his men had always been his first concern. He conquered scurvy—the scourge of the British Navy. He explored the Antarctic fringe, mapped lands and islands in the Pacific, circumnavigated New Zealand, sought the North-West passage. The Sandwich Islands, where he was slaughtered, were one of his many discoveries.

And he met a shocking, violent end at the hands of natives who, not an hour before, had prostrated themselves in virtual adoration before him.

Had Cook been rescued — and evidence left today in a rare eyewitness account of the incident indicates that he could have been—what new triumphs would have been his?

Smirch on the Navy

WOULD his Navy career have continued until he reached Nelsonian heights? Would he—had he escaped Death's onslaught that day—have been allowed to die in peace and old age buried, perhaps, among the other great heroes of England in Westminster's mighty Abbey?

The fact that none of the officers and men who had served under his command answered his plea for help is a smirch upon the Navy whose exploits and heroisms are so much better known.

Cook, and the two ships he commanded on his final voyage — "Resolution" and the more famous "Discovery" — had been at anchor for about a fortnight in the bay of Keragegoah in the island of Owhyhee.



★ CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N., Navigator.

[It is necessary to point out here that the spellings of place names and natives' names are the spellings used in the account given by David Samwell, surgeon of the Discovery, who himself points out that they are the ones commonly used by the natives of the time rather than by other historians with whose phonetic attempts to capture the Tahitian sounds he does not always agree].

Peace reigned . . . not only in the calm water of the bay, but in the hearts of white man and colored man alike.

The crews of "Resolution" and "Discovery" were well fed, provisioned by the friendly natives who had all but thrust exotic meats and fruits upon them (although they were not above bargaining, paying special interest to the iron daggers which officers had the crew make for them).

And the natives were at peace. They took

the sailors to their hearts but for Cook they reserved what Samwell calls "near adoration". Let him come ashore and they would lie prostrate on the ground as he walked by. Let their chiefs come aboard the ships and they opened their palms wide in gestures of pure friendship.

Samwell tells how a "chief of the first rank" named Kameamea came aboard in the late days of January, 1779, garbed in a gorgeous "cloak" of rich feathers and plumes which he later traded to one of the senior officers for nine of the iron daggers. Content with his bargain, he slept on board.

That was indicative of the trust Cook's men and the natives (whom Samwell often refers to as Indians) had for each other. Even the great chief Kariopoo, having first placed a taboo on the ships for his subjects, came to pay his respects to Cook and was made warmly welcome over an exchange of gifts.

But human greed, which has so often through the ages disrupted harmony, became too strong for one or two of the natives.

One, caught stealing an armorer's tongs, was "fairly severely flogged," Samwell says. And notwithstanding the example made of this man, another grabbed the tongs and, diving overboard, made for the shore pursued by one of His Majesty's cutters.

Fight on the beach

IT WAS, in the long run, these petty thefts, these tiny incidents so unimportant beside their horrible sequel, that led to Cook's death.

After the flogging and the pursuit of the native in the cutter Pareah, an island chief, went ashore promising to return the goods. Cook also went ashore and was met by some natives who had, apparently, taken the tongs from the thief. They handed them back.

Cook, Samwell's account continues, was then met by the "Resolution's" pinnace which, with five men, had come to help. He asked for either the thief or the canoe which had rescued him from his swim as a reprisal. Pareah claimed the canoe was his property and an argument developed. In the ensuing brawl Pareah pinned an officer's arms behind him and held him by the hair of his head until he was struck by an oar, wielded by one of the pinnace's sailors.

WHEELING, PAREAH GRABBED THE OAR AND, IN ONE BLOW, SMASHED IT ACROSS HIS KNEE.

But that incident seems to have amounted to little enough at the time. The Navy party made its way back to the ship and then Pareah, presumably either afraid or anxious to be friends again, came up in a canoe and returned a midshipman's cap which had been lost in the scuffle. The two "joined noses" in greeting and, after Pareah had been assured he would not be killed for what he had done, "other signs of friendship were made."

Yet thieving must have come like second nature to some of the natives. During the night of Sunday, February 14, natives stole a cutter from "Discovery."

[Samwell's account does not say how it was managed or whether the ship's watch even noticed the incident. It merely makes the point that the cutter was taken].

Angry, Cook prepared to "take the person of Kariopoo, the king" presumably to hold him as hostage until the cutter was returned. He ordered a launch to go ashore and a cutter to assist him.

"This," says Samwell, "is a circumstance worthy of notice, for it clearly shews that he was not unapprehensive of meeting with resistance from the natives, or unmindful of the necessary preparations for the safety of himself and his people."

Cook landed on the white shores of Kavarooah, to be met with respect and the customary display of natives lying prostrate before him. Inquiring for the king's two sons — two youths who were much attached to him — he was taken by them to their father who, they said, was asleep. That indicates, surely, that Kariopoo had no idea that some of his subjects would attack Cook.

A stone started it

LEAVING the small party of marines who had accompanied him a little distance behind, Cook approached two chiefs, Kanynah and Koohorooah, who asked him did he want "fresh hogs" for provisions, but he answered he had business with the king. Drowsy at being disturbed from his slumbers, Kariopoo came out to meet Cook and readily accepted his invitation to go aboard "Discovery" and discuss the theft of the cutter.

But suddenly some of the natives were seen to arm themselves with long spears, clubs and the daggers they had received in exchange for their gifts and to don thick mats which they used as armor. A message had been sent by other natives from the other side of the island that a chief, Kareemoo, had been killed by one of "Discovery's" boats. Amid the murmurings, an aged priest approached Cook with a gift of fresh coconuts, singing and chanting as he proffered them.

Samwell thinks the noise he made was a deliberate cover for the sound of the preparations the warlike ones were making.

Cook, unwilling to begin any fight, ordered the marines to march to the water's edge and pull out. He followed, his hand clasped in friendship with Kariopoo's who was accompanied by his wife, two sons and several chiefs, and was on the point of giving orders to embark when a native threw a stone at him.

THAT STONE WAS THE FIRST SIGN OF THE HORROR THAT WAS TO COME.

In self-protection and in an attempt to frustrate any further attacks, Cook "returned a discharge of small shot" but the man's thick mat armor saved him and he was not hurt. But another man was seen to dart a spear at



FACTS!

Cook who was again forced to fire in self-defence. He did not kill the man, however, since his fire missed — but it killed another.

Let surgeon Samwell tell the tale from now on in his own words:

"Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as close to the shore as he could without grounding, notwithstanding the shower of stones that fell among the people; but Mr.



★ Contemporary artist's drawing of a Sandwich Island native warrior.



★ And a young woman of the tribe whose warriors slew Cook.

John Williamson, the Lieutenant who commanded in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of Captain Cook, withdrew his boat further off at the moment that everything seems to have depended upon the timely exertions of those in the boats.

"By his own account he mistook the signal but, be that as it may, this circumstance appears to me to have decided the fatal turn of the affair and to have removed every chance which remained with Captain Cook of escaping with his life.

"At the time it was to the boats alone that Cook had to look for safety for, when the marines had fired, the Indians rushed among them and forced them into the water where four of them were killed; their lieutenant was wounded but escaped and was taken up in the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock.

"He was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head to guard it from the stones and carrying his musket under the other arm. An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity, for he stopped once or twice as if undetermined to proceed.

"At last he advanced upon him unawares

and with a large club or common stake gave him a blow on the back of the head and then precipitately retreated . . . The stroke seemed to have stunned Captain Cook; he staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee and dropped his musket. As he was rising and before he could recover his feet, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger.

"He then fell into a bite of water about knee deep, while others crowded upon him and endeavoured to keep him under. But, struggling very strongly with them he got his head up and, **CASTING HIS LOOK TOWARDS THE PINNACE, SEEMED TO SOLICIT ASSISTANCE.**

"Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet from the crowded and confused state of the crew it seems it was not in their power to save him.

"The Indian got him under again, but in deep water. He was, however, able to get his head up once more and, being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock and was endeavouring to support himself by it when a savage gave him a blow with a club and **HE WAS SEEN ALIVE NO MORE.**

Cook was abandoned

"THEY hauled him up lifeless on the rocks where they seemed to take a savage pleasure in using every barbarity to his dead body, snatching daggers from each other's hands to have the horrid satisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage."

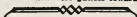
So Death won his encounter with Captain Cook.

Even after death Cook seems to have been treated badly by his men. After the fracas was all over and the natives had retired a few midshipmen, under a Lieutenant's command, went ashore—but made no attempt to bring back the mutilated body of their commander for proper burial!

Through ship's officers' glasses some natives were later seen to cart it to high ground where they chanted and danced about it. Even when it was later learned that Pareah, the native chief, had employed some men to steal the cutter there is no mention of either reprisal or concern for Cook's remains.

"He seems," Samwell says, "to have fallen a sacrifice merely for want of being properly supported; a fate singularly to be lamented as having fallen to his lot who had ever been conspicuous for his care of those under his command and who seemed, to the last, to pay as much attention to their preservation as to his own life."

What Samwell means is simply this: Cook died because his men were gutless cowards.



Ook La La!

A young salesman rushed into a barber shop one day and asked the barber at the first chair: "How many are ahead of me?"

"Two haircuts and one shampoo," responded the barber.

Without a word the salesman rushed out and did not return.

The following day the same thing happened. The third day when the man dashed into the shop, the barber answered, "Four ahead of you today." The man rushed out.

"Follow that man," the barber told the porter. "Find out who he is and where he goes."

A few minutes later the porter returned and informed the barber, "Boss, ah didn't find out who that fellow was, but ah know where he went."

"Where?"

"To your house, suh."

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**"I TOLD YOU, LOVER BOY, NEVER CALL ME WHEN MY HUSBAND
IS HOME!"**



ZEE ZEE

**Invitations to dance and the replies are sent
by a novel "mail" in a large Berlin dancehall**

A NEW idea for making it easier for boy to meet girl and dance together simply by sending her a message by pneumatic tube is catching on in European ballrooms.

It has been tried and found a tremendous success at the Resi salon in Berlin, a city already noted for its table telephone ballrooms.

The pneumatic tube message idea goes one better than the table telephone innovation in smoothing out skyness and arranging what could develop into romances. In most of the Berlin ballrooms, tables already carry illuminated numbers, and patrons at one table can call anyone at another table by asking a switchgirl for their

table number.

Now, with the pneumatic tube idea, patrons can write personal notes to occupants of other tables. In the Resi ballroom every one of the 250 tables has a pneumatic tube slot where a note is placed in a carrier addressed to the table required.

The carriers pass through a central exchange, necessary not only for technical reasons but so the message can be discreetly censored. Any note considered objectionable does not reach its destination.

THIS censorship is the responsibility of a motherly lady who is called "Aunt Agnes". She reports that only about one pneumatic letter in 100 oversteps the mark. She knows all

the love secrets that the letters carry and can recall how these have been responsible, more than once, in mending a lovers' tiff.

EVERYONE dancing or attending at the Resi votes the pneumatic love-letter carrier a great idea. There is no need to worry about a rebuff or become otherwise embarrassed when the invitation and response go by what is virtually private mail.

Even girls use the new idea to invite a boy to dance with them, and that's something new in any country.

The pneumatic tube love-letter idea is spreading rapidly to other big cities on the Continent.



" SHE CLAIMS IT WAS AN IMMACULATE CONCEPTION..."

THE RABBIT

The rabbit has a charming face;
 Its private life is a disgrace.
 I really dare not name to you
 The awful things that rabbits do;
 Things that your paper never prints—
 You only mention them in hints.
 They have such low, degraded souls
 No wonder they inhabit holes;
 When such depravity is found
 It only can live underground.



AVA GARDNER HAS KISSED OFF HER LATEST

17

THE world's most beautiful animal, Ava Gardner, has kissed goodbye to another love lyric.

A long, tender travelogue of love ended abruptly at Rome Airport, where the sultry, mon-chased star waved a final goodbye to the handsome Italian who had followed her to Mexico and back to Europe.



The chap of the newly closed chapter, handsome wealthy comedian Walter Chiari, admitted sadly as she left that he and Ava will not marry.

Just how sad Ava was is another question—she poo-pooes the fact that there have been too many men in her life.

● No marriage

"I disagree with those who say men are necessary evils," Ava said. "Men are necessary—but not evil."

"Don't cry over me," Ava added.

"I am neither a tragic figure nor a frustrated female."

"Why do writers see me as tortured, tormented, frustrated—not to mention moody, unhappy and lovey."

"Everyone talks about what a crazy, mixed-up unhappy girl I am—but I'm one Hollywood star who hasn't tried to slash her wrists, swallow sleeping pills or be barred from the Stork Club."

"I like the way I live. I live the way I like—wherever I happen to be. And few people can say that truthfully."

"Walter and I have been wonderful friends—we've had a lot of fun together. Walter is amusing and charming—but there will be no marriage."

Ava's departure from Rome is not thought likely to take her right out of the news for long.

One way and another Ava and/or her men are always landing on Page One.

A couple of weeks ago a noted Spanish bullfighter was raced to hospital badly gored. Into the headlines went Ava's name, too—he was Mario Cabre, a spectacular friend, who had escorted Ava for weeks, expressing his undying love for her.

Ava was in the news again recently when she finally secured her Mexican divorce from Frank Sinatra.

Again last month when she tore a strip off Spanish Prince Don Juan in a London nightclub, and when she abused everyone at Idlewild Airport—including Chiari—she hit the news.

● Gobbled down

But Walter will now gradually fall to the back of the Gardner folders in newspaper morgues, alongside the cuttings on her previous husbands, Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw, and her ardent bullfighter friend, Luis Dominguez.

Why has Ava eaten so voraciously through a list of husbands and swains that would have satiated a dozen queens—Clark Gable, Howard Hughes, Robert Mi-

chum, Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Peter Lawford, Howard Duff are some who squired her about.

Her friends say the Howard Duff romance left her with the same lonely bitterness that her broken marriages did.

Yet the astonishing recuperative powers she has shown brought her bouncing back to joy when young and muscular Chiari came chasing her.

Hollywood pals point to self-pity and self-deception as the cause of her grief.

Her life is complex: she is complicated herself and is drawn to complicated men, yet she says: "I am simple and happy. not emotionally unstable."

● "A failure"

"Although I am not considering marriage to Walter or anyone else, I would like to settle down and have at least two children."

Asked whether she would rather be anything else than Queen of the Movies, she replied:—

"Yes, the Queen of England. She has a husband and two children and all the people love her."

"I've failed at the only things I have really ever wanted—a husband and children."





You'll Love Ailsa

THIS was a bit too much.

It had been bad enough at breakfast. Not that George had been quarrelsome. George was never that. She had to admit that it was the hardest thing in the world to work up a good row with George. Or even a poor little bad one.

But he'd been—well, like men are. They say a thing and it's final. No argument about it. Just because a great big glorious man has said so.

"Women," George had said, "never look where they're going."

Just because she bumped into the doorknob with the tray and had a slight misap with the porridge.

Mind you, he'd smiled in that bright way of his. He had immediately jumped up and cleaned up the mishap. But that made it all the more irritating.

Like saying, "There! What did I tell you?"

It was just a black lie to say women never looked where they were going. Women were as good at looking where they were going as they were at most other things. It was all very well—

However, all that didn't matter now. Except that it was one more thing that showed the nature of the beast. There was *this* to be coped with now.

And this—as she had already told herself—was a bit too much.

There are some things no girl could stand. And one of them is another girl with a fool of a name like Ailsa St. Toots.

You could just see a girl with a name like that. Just give her the chance to scratch her eyes out.

She leant one inch more over the bannisters.

His voice came up from below. "You'd love Ailsa," George was telling the world.

At least, he wasn't telling the world. He was telling just one of his vile men friends on the other end of the telephone. And he was taking good care that only his vile man friend should hear, if he could help it.

As good as whispering, he was. Eleanor wished that both her ears were on one side, so that she could turn them together.

Great heavens! What was it now?

She actually heard him say that he was going down to see Ailsa and settle things up that very morning, as soon as he'd seen to one or two things at the office.

But—and his voice went extra low for this—not a word to anybody about it, of course. And when he said "anybody"—well, his vile man friend at the other end of the wire knew what he meant by that.

Yes, and so did his poor little wife, nearly having a nervous breakdown over the bannisters.

So, as soon as he had seen to one or two things at the office, he was going down to see his wonderful Miss St. Toots that very morning, was he?

"We'll see about that," thought Eleanor.

She nearly stamped down into the hall, snatched the telephone from him and let him have the grim truth. But, being a man, no doubt he would wriggle out of it somehow. Much better to follow him down to his Ailsa and face the two of them and have it out.

So down she went, quite daintily, into the hall.

And George said, "So long, old man," in a hurry, and hooked up the telephone.

"Time I was getting along, darling," he said brightly.

"Oh yes?" said Eleanor, as if she couldn't care less.

"I may be a bit late back this evening," said George.

"Oh yes?" said Eleanor.

George stared at her. She was looking at herself in the mirror. He wasn't sure she had taken it in.

"I said I may be a bit late back this evening."

"I heard you."

"Nothing wrong, is there, darling?" George asked.

"Not a thing. What could be?"

"You're not cross about what I said—about women never looking where they're going?"

"How could I be, when it's so silly?"

George let that go. He put on his hat.

"I shall be taking the car today," he said.

Oh! Eleanor hadn't thought of that!

"Ta-ta, darling," said George.

"Good morning," said Eleanor.

As soon as he had gone she snatched up the phone. She called her sister-in-law.

"Susy? Eleanor here. Listen, darling. This is urgent, and I've no time to explain. Will you take the day off and come round here with the car? Yes—I'll tell you all about it then."

Nature had done its very best with Eleanor. Eleanor did her very best with what nature had done. The result was perfection. By the time sister-in-law Susy had arrived Eleanor told herself that a thousand Miss St. Toots couldn't hold a candle to her.

"You look wonderful," said Susy.

As soon as they were settled in the car Eleanor poured out the awful truth.

"I can't say I'm surprised," said Susy. "I always thought there was something fishy about George."

They waited round the corner of George's office for half an hour before he came out and got into his car. He drove off and they followed.

At last they came to a cross-roads. George turned one way. They followed. They reached a little glen overlooking the sea. A wonderful place, Eleanor would have thought, in happier circumstances. One or two snappy caravans were under the trees.

George stopped his car, got

out, and at that moment he turned and saw them.

"What on earth," he said, "are you two doing here?"

"What," snapped Eleanor, "are you doing here?"

"I've come to book this caravan for our summer holidays," said George. "It was going to be a surprise. I was telling your brother on the phone only this morning. You weren't supposed to know. I don't see how you—"

"Tell your darling Ailsa that I am here!" Eleanor flared.

"My darling Ailsa?" George stared. "But—here, I say! You weren't listening, were you? You didn't think—"

He laughed, then pointed to the name on the caravan door. The name was 'Ailsa'.

"Very cute," said Eleanor. "I suppose your dear Miss St. Toots calls her caravan after herself."

George was astounded, but suddenly he laughed again. "Darling! Didn't you look at the signpost?"

"I did not. I followed you."

"If you had looked you would have seen on that signpost the words 'To St. Toots, ½ mile'. Ailsa, St. Toots, is the address of the caravan I'm taking for you."

Eleanor swung round on Susy.

"What did you mean — you can't say you're surprised?" she said. "So you always thought there was something fishy about George, did you?"

And she snatched off Susy's snappy new hat and tossed it into a bramble bush.

NORMA





RUTHY - "SANS SOUCI"

A guy, very intoxicated, came into a bar and sat down. He began weaving his head back and forth, and mumbling, tick . . . tock . . . tick . . . tock . . . tick . . . tock . . .

Although the bartender had seen many a strange thing happen while dispensing alcoholic beverages he was curious and finally he asked, "Okay, what are you?"

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"Can't you tell?" answered the drunk. "I'm a clock."

"If you're a clock," asked the mixo. "What time is it?"

"It's four-thirty."

"You're wrong," he answered. "It's five."

"Then I must be slow. Ticktock-ticktockticktock . . .



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CHARLIE'S TRAPPING STORIES



DECOYING THE DAMSELS

Henry Sextra, French-Canadian trapper who is certainly an expert in his line, has this to say about the popular spot: "I theenk is verree important to completely disguise trap. Make heem look like beautee salon or furriers—jewel shop maybe. Then, by gar, she stick head right in snare and —Whoosh! — we catch her!"

"But, by gar, be careful she don't get away. Keep trap filled with gin, candy, and what you call theese leestle pill? Tranquilizers? Yes, by gar, put her to sleep—but, she escape if you don't keep trap greased."

"I have a method that seldom fails," Earl Artea of Wasatch Dell, Washington, reports. "I tell a little story concerning my Uncle's trunk. The main theme is preceded by relating that my rich uncle has just expired. I then bemoan the fact that I must leave the cafe and go home and tend to the trunk which is filled with money. Oh, for just a little help in counting and sorting all that loot!"

A rather original idea is advanced by Sherman Billingslay. "The 'Come up and see my etchings' routine is now transparent to even the most unwary game. I have improved it, somewhat, I do believe. I tell a tale about coming home drunk and sticking a \$1,000 bill behind one of my pictures with a wad of gum. Shall we go up and search for it? I have to be quick to pounce once the quarry glims my pad with the "Modern Man" magazine cover pictures but it usually works as they fear falling back down my dismal hall alone."

A dodge that is dangerous but deadly is to deliberately spill a carafe of water on the quarry's aridships region, wetting her through. Then, amid profuse apologies, admit that you have purchased an entire set of Lily St. Cyr undies. Might as well come up and put them on—at least they are dry.

The long distance call curve is a honey—seldom fails. The call is to come to your flat at midnight sharp and "if the message is what I think it will be, Baby, you can have that Mink." This, obviously, requires a confederate so that the 'phone will ring but if you are unable to get the cooperation there is a switch that can work just as well. Midnight and all is silent—you consult your watch, grin mysteriously and say: "I forgot to tell you, Baby, that DeMille told me that if he didn't call—that would mean the deal was all set! So, bottoms up, we're in the big bucks, baby!"

William C. Thomas of Los Angeles who took many of the photos that illustrate this periodical, has gotten some almost unbelievable scores in his role of "Cover Girl Photographer." And, with nothing more than a best-up camera and a sack of flash-bulbs, has disrobed and bagged fabulous game, with the target undressed and sprawled on a couch in a matter of minutes, he has boasted. On some occasions, his camera has contained film, but more often the actual shooting is postponed until he has made the "kill" or captured his prey.

Alvin Corshocan of South Sedalia, Mo., will roll a one dollar bill around a packet of toilet tissue and thrust the "boodle" into a stocking with a nonchalant remark and has a mantle of trophies, but Alvin has also met with accidents. Sports are dangerous and the element of chance is often the big and determining factor. Charlie advises, for safety's sake, to eliminate the tissue and merely make-up a sizable roll with the interior composed of soap coupons. If you keep the lights out, it's even money they will get away with it.

Many anglers contrive elaborate lures or utilize a great variety of succulent delicacies but I have found that the best bait is money. I have landed some really big ones with a twenty dollar bill and have been hooked a few with a sawbuck and when casting around Topeka, Kansas or Astoria, New York, I seldom use over a flint.

There are Nimrods who prefer diamonds and I would be the last to assert that gems don't get results, particularly when you can sometimes get bites even when the diamond is a phoney. Sports in and around Wamsutter, Wyoming, have hoaxed a few strikes with Whitestones and Zircons.

Furs, convertibles, bonds, the boy-friend's bail, hit show tickets and even Lily St. Cyr unmentionables will often get the job done. However, there comes a time when the Sportsman must, of a necessity, inquire: "Is what I am catching worth the outlay for bait?" Inevitably, if the Angler is honest with himself, he must accept the basic fact that money is cheaper in the long run and better in the end.

Dissenters are invited to submit suggestions.

It is only fair to warn that printing your own bait is frowned upon in Governmental circles and the use of fictitious checks, is unfair, comparable with the use of nets, and is almost as despicable and unsporting as clobbering a salmon on it's way upstream to spawn.

Hunting Can Be Fun



BEST BAIT FOR BROADS

Probably the first question you sports will ask is, "Where is the best place to hunt?" Well, specifically, there is no one locality that can get an unqualified first. Too many things are involved. Weather conditions, etc. I will say, however, that for blondes I prefer Lexington Avenue in New York between say 42nd and 50th Streets. I have bagged many a platinum quail in this area and have scored some remarkable results flushing them out of saloons without a hound or beagle. In fact, I have had very little, if any, canine help but a few wolves have done a bit of sniffing for me.

Now, for brunettes—ah, a different story. I suggest Geary Street in San Francisco between Market and the Congress Hotel. You may have to do a little tracking here, possibly some minor stalking, but you won't go home with just the morning paper if you follow these few and certainly simple suggestions:

I: Liberally spray yourself with the new Money Scent, the sucker's deodorant.

II: Keep plenty of quarters available and be alert around the juke boxes.

III: Ply the game with straight liquors and, when paying a tab with a twenty always remark: "Now, I wonder how I got that small bill?"

I have had good luck with red-heads in hotel bars in Washington, D.C. If you begin the hunt around 6:30 p.m. you will find that most of them are half-shot already.

Be sure that you comply with all of the various rules and regulations and that you are properly licensed. We must conserve the game fellows, you know?

Shooting nudists because they are bare in the woods is not cricket, lads.



Now, if you enjoy some odd sort of quirk and have a yen for fat game—this can be bagged easily, I have found, and you will always be able to get your limit in most any beer joint most anywhere.

I have a sportsman pal who will go after only the cross-eyed of the specie. Claims it makes him lucky. Well, they aren't too easily discovered. There is, definitely, a shortage and this has, strangely enough, been laid to the door of wanton huntsmen who have ignored all rules. Errol Flynn and the equally ancient Charles Coburn have hunted this game in many parts of the world, in chorus lines and on yachts. They are guilty, I maintain, of spoiling the sport by buying them glasses or teaching them to stare at a rigid object, an eye straightening procedure.

Now, for grays, shorties or tallies, you have those "over 30" dancing emporiums, Arthur Murray's, the museums and lecture groups.

So, be sure, fellows, to put out any fires you may start and—GOOD Hunting. P.S. Your chances on the beaches should be fine this season. Inexpensive, too. After all, you can't be expected to carry money in bathing trunks!



In the old "Walk-a-thon" days we really used to blast over the radio and it was this showmanship that originally established the air-waves as an advertising medium capable of single-handedly getting the job done. We used no other form of advertising with the "Walkies" except cut-rate tickets and these were utilized only in the early days of the show when all we wanted to do was to get them in there just once. We knew we had them hooked if they paid even one visit.

If you are a Teen-Age Monster Mauler you don't dig "Walkies." Well, they were billed as "endurance contests" and the gimmick was to walk and dance couples around an arena floor for as long as they could take it without sleep. Of course, all of the shows were "gaffed" and favored contestants got a damn sight more solid sleep than the promoters but the shows were thrilling entertainment for the spectacle loving public and those who couldn't afford a room.

Since this is not a story about the Sleep-a-thons, we'll leave the subject with the explanation that the reason they are no longer staged is because it is now extremely difficult to get even the moronic teen-agers with rock heads the roll eyes to work for nothing. What we were getting at is the resurgence of radio. It is not dead, as has been popularly conceded and confined only to automobiles, as we ourselves thought. It takes only a "Walk-a-thon" brand of ballyhoo to bring it back to the point where it will black out the TV.

A fast speller by the name of Johnny Johnston has them not only listening but sitting up until 2:30 A.M. to do it over a New York station. Broadcast emanates from one of the better bistros and it is one of those mutual admiration society, celebrity interview things with the introductory descriptive adjectives nauseatingly cloying and the "Thank You's" running into the hundreds. Sample: Mr. David Rose is not only a great guy, a wonderful arranger, a terrific composer, a grand musician and as handsome a man as any girl would want to meet—he's also kind, considerate and a sympathetic pal. It's a real pleasure to invite him to our microphone."

Charlie Tunes In



20

"Thank you, Johnny."

"Thank you, David Rose."

"Thank you."

"Thank you."

(During the commercial they took off to pick out the furniture.)

But, despite the saccharine introductions and the almost Homo overtones, the show has caught on because of a crusade that has intrigued listeners who think they have found an "under-dog."

The New York fuzz insists that anybody working in any of the boob-traps carry an identification card and they refuse to issue these pasteboards to persons who are likely to further maltreat the suckers. They are against blackmail, mugging and all of the short con rackets that a bartender, entertainer or musician with a record of convictions might be a part of. Possibly, in trying to protect the unwary, they are too zealous. It has been said that many marks have had to go as far as Philly to get clipped.

It seems that the Coppers are particularly careful about issuing cards to losers who have dope on their record. Thus, they have banned Billie Holiday and the hero of this piece, David Allen, a singer with a voice usually associated with the ever decreasing but still nostalgically remembered "back room," the kind we used to enjoy in the old speak-easy days. David can wring out a ballad and the kitty would fill rapidly years ago, around five a.m., when the pimps and their papooses came in to get lushed and try to eradicate, for a few moments, the sordidness of their existence. If David could have been labeled a "right" kid, meaning that he wouldn't steal anybody's Old Lady, then he would have enjoyed great popularity in the "Good Old Days."

This is a hell of a long-winded way to just say that the kid can sing.

Anyhow, since David was once a Junkie and did hard time in the stir for passing bogus checks while high, the police won't let him work, fearing that he might contaminate a mooch or steer one of the young things up against a needle.

Johnny Johnston, dropped by TV, pictures and down to guitar strumming in dubious clubs himself, has been championing David Allen and heating up the various unions, other entertainers and fans who have come up with prodigious stacks of mail, panning the police and screaming for JUSTICE.

It has been a good Gimmick for all concerned. Allen has made some records and some out of town appearances and Johnston has corraled the stay-ups and added to them. And, again, it has proved that radio is still a powerful medium if you put something on it.

Possibly, the to-do will even get David Allen reinstated if he is really off the hop. In that event it will be up to Johnny to come up with a new angle, a new crusade, if he expects to hold his audience. How about resurrecting Burlesque? It's banned in N. Y. too.



"D'you think the colour suits me?"

The Case Of The Naive Bellboy by Heater Wall

A bellman, working in a medium sized hotel that is liberally managed, has a rewarding, varied and even exciting life. One who is versed in all of the "angles" can stow considerable scratch in his left hip pocket without too much lifting but, like everything else, the hep bell-skip is disappearing along with the American Indian and short con men.

Looking for the immediate and most obvious cause of this decline, I would say that over-employment has wrought the harm. Too much room service, too many porters, house dicks, drug store deliveries and what have you all stand in the way of an honest bellman as far as wringing out an extra buck is concerned.

It was certainly not always so. During the war it was simple enough to stash forty or fifty clams a day plus whatever the hotel paid—and they had to pay something. Good liquor was not plentiful, the V-girls were, but not on the streets and room service, if it existed, usually folded at 10 p.m.

Because of the draft all manner of help was scarce during the acknowledged conflict, recall? So, even among the baggage bouncing gentry, there were bound to be a few "Johnny Come Latellies."

I was stopping at the New Heathman Hotel in Portland, Oregon. I achieved permanent residence there by greasing the Assistant Manager and playing the con for various other members of the staff. It was during this sojourn of about four months duration, that I educated my first bellboy.

His name was Eddie but I am not going to state his full monicker because he is probably hustling in some caravansary at this very moment and I certainly don't want to embarrass him. Oregon has liquor regulations that are very helpful to bellboys. You buy a permit for a buck and this entitles you to purchase all of the wet goods you desire at what is presumed to be the wholesale price.

Whatever the true story regarding this is, it is true that liquor is far more reasonably priced than in a regular retail outlet in some other state. There is just one catch in it. If you fail to purchase your booze before 8 p.m., you are out of luck until the next morning.

This is, of course, a bonanza situation for a bellboy. Strangers don't have liquor permits and if they do it's four to one they fail to make the scheduled hours.

The first time Eddie came to my room, I asked him to get me a fifth, having missed connections at the state-owned dispensary.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It is against the law to sell liquor in this state. Bootleggers are not acceptable. You have to buy it at the liquor store which will not open until 10 o'clock in the morning."

Exasperated as I was, I instantly perceived that the youth was, indeed, a living personification of Al Capp's Little Abner. Here was a simple lad, so simple that it would take study to make him stupid.

A few nights later, when he brought me a bottle out of a stash I created for him in a maid's closet, he related a most discouraging story:

"I took four bags up to 1022," he said, "and the fellow tossed a buck upon the bed. 'There's your tip, he announced, tell you what I'll do. Shoot you double or nothing for it.' He pulled out some dice, handed them to me, and told me to roll 'em. I did and threw two sixes. He said, 'you lost so now we are even and that is my buck. Shoot you one more time.' So, I got out a buck and he shot a seven. Then he rolled me for the two, the four, the eight, the sixteen and the twenty-four. I thought there was nothing on those dice but sevens and elevens. Anyhow, he broke me."

"Oh, how I pity you, you ridiculous flat-headed idiot," I stated. "You were probably right about one thing, the dice were doubtless mis-spotted." I spent the balance of the

evening teaching Eddie how to switch dice and contributed a set of "tats." I explained the facts of life about several other kindred subjects and he seemed steeped in wisdom and cunning as we finished the bottle.

Along about five a.m. the phone rang. It was Eddie and he had to see me immediately. When he arrived he was carrying a sealed envelope. "I'll bet that you can't guess what's in this envelope!" he gasped, grinning, his eyes darting avariciously.

I sighed. "You would lose, you ingrained moron," I replied. "The envelope contains a poker hand—four aces and a king, to be exact.

His face fell. "How in hell did you know? I was going to ask you—" "I know," I said. "You are in a pot somewhere and they let you take your hand with you so that you could borrow the money to call a big raise. What room is it in?" I got dressed.

We went up to 1109 and found two "Duke" artists patiently awaiting their mark, in this case Eddie. I pulled my bankroll out and carelessly threw it on the table as I introduced myself. "The way I understand it is that both hands have been placed in envelopes with Eddie's initials on your envelope, Mr. Wolfe, and your initials upon this one of Eddie's? Now, there's a hundred in the pot that Eddie must call. So, I'll call the hundred, for Eddie, and raise you Mr. Wolfe, two hundred more!"

Wolfe went to his inside pocket and extracted a wallet from which he extracted two bills. "I will call your raise and—"

"Una momento," I interjected. "Before you raise Eddie again, I would like to make a side bet with your friend here." I flashed a 'phone buzzer (police badge) from inside my wallet. "I will bet you, Mister Mackintosh, two years in the Big House that Mr. Wolfe has a straight flush in his envelope!"

Later, when we were cutting up the money in my room, Eddie said: "There is sure a lot to learn in this business."

"The most important thing is never to educate a sucker," I said.

Eddie left the hotel before I did. He landed a job at one of those swank Beverly Hills hosteleries. A year or so later I saw him in Los Angeles. He looked good and you could instantly spot that he now knew some of the ropes and the rudiments of the game.

"How did you make out in Beverly Hills?"

He grinned. "I kinda got off on the wrong foot. My first guest was the thespian, Sir Cedric Hardstick, or something like that. Remember the guy that was slipping and sliding around on that elephant's back in the Mike Todd party on television? Well, he checked in with nine bags, golf bag, cricket mallet, fourteen suits on hangers, a radio and a clipping book. I wrestled them to the tenth floor, helped him unpack, arranged to get his trunks sent up and performed several other small errands. Then he magnanimously handed me a DIME!"

I chuckled. "What did you do then?"

"I said, Mr. Hardstick, if you can afford it I will show you a little game they taught me over in Las Vegas. They gave me these dice as a souvenir. Let's shoot that dime—double or nothing!"

~~~~~



"If you have them taken this way I can charge you the rate for kiddies—"



"It's my wife, doctor. Every time she sees money she gets a little rash."



"Madam, I don't like people staring at me while I'm working!"

## ZWICKLE-FOO

by Morton Grady Zimmerman

Oswald Greentin rubbed his eyes in hopes of removing the alcoholic hallucination that persisted in dancing high above him in the New York sky. He blinked and stared at the rotund object that hovered over his prostrate form some thousand feet or so straight up.

Oswald shook his head and touched the curb with his fingers to make sure he was still in the world of reality.

"I've had the D.T.'s before," he mumbled softly, "but never like this!" His eyes remained rigid and staring at the odd object overhead. He feared to make an outcry; it would result only in another night pokey-wise for intoxication, a state which Oswald had enjoyed during his three-year sojourn in the shabby world of Skid Row.

The object still hovered silently above the city.

"Maybe a night in the pokey'd do me some good," decided Oswald, aware of the sharp bite of the windy wind whistling through the streets for the seemingly express purpose of making life miserable for such characters as he. Oswald began to shout feebly from his horizontal position.

"Hey! I see a flying saucer! And it's pink! Honest! I see it!"

Eventually he knew a cop would hear him in his one-sided conversation and then Oswald could sleep it off under the protection of the New York taxpayers.

A policeman rambled over to him and helped him out of the gutter. Oswald smiled. The New York cops were always on the ball. He frowned. The cop wasn't paying the slightest bit of attention to him.

"Take it easy, old-timer," he heard the policeman say. "Don't panic, it's probably ours or else it's friendly."

The cop nodded, eyes still heavenward. Slowly, Oswald's eyes followed as he stroked the three day growth on his chin.

It was still there. Unconsciously, Oswald offered his almost-empty wine bottle to the cop.

The policeman, without averting his gaze, uncorked the bottle and took a healthy pull. The only sound was the whistling wind.

The saucer hovered silently.

Bixby Baddacox frowned as his girl, Judy Lenchenbaum, jerked away from him. Quickly, his eyes darted around the deserted of semi-darkness in search of life. Nothing. Central Park seemed devoid of any movement except what was present right there on the park bench. And Bixby was full of movement at the moment.

"Now why did you do that?" he asked unhappily.

Judy didn't answer. Bixby noticed she looked rather frightened. Her eyes, which were normally rather large, were now bigger than ever before and pointed skyward.

"Look!" she gasped out, accentuating her remark with a pointed finger that ended in a messily manicured fingernail.



Bixby had never been one to take orders from a woman, but in this particular case, especially since Judy was behaving so strangely, Bixby decided to follow her Shakespearean gesture.

With half-lidded eyes and a disgusted sigh he looked up. His eyes popped open wide and his sigh turned to a startled rattle.

"It's one of them flyin' saucers!" he screamed.

Bixby grabbed Judy and dove off of the park bench into a handy nearby leafy-type bush.

Twisting away angrily, Judy potted herself up on her elbow.

"Now why'd you go and do that?" she asked, rearranging her skirt, partially undecided as to whether she wanted to cover up or expose the long expanse of well-proportioned leg.

"I dunno," he mumbled absently as he hoped she would decide the latter. "I read it somewhere on one of them defense posters where I work . . ."

Judy left the skitt where it was and stared through the foliage at the pinkish saucer. It wasn't doing anything; it just hung silently above New York, changing from light to bright pink intermittently.

Bixby was unaware of the saucer's flicking colors. He was, however, aware of Judy's milky-white legs.

"I wonder if it's ours?" asked Judy, still concentrating on the saucer.

"Must be," replied Bixby, paying much more attention to the hout glass figure half above him than the rotund figure floating in the sky. He wished the wind would die down so he could get down to the business at hand — namely, Judy.

"If it wasn't, they'd already dropped an A-bomb," he concluded. He listened to the wind as it sleepily died down.

"Oooh!" squealed Judy. "Really?"

"Know so," Bixby said smugly, smiling at the death of his rival, the wind. "I don't janitor over at the Nuclear Research Building for nothing."

He arched an eyebrow as he decided he would receive no more opposition from the wind that night.

"Now, there's no need to worry. It's ours, or we wouldn't be here right now."

Bixby reached up for Judy. His arms slid around her expertly, and with experienced movements, he drew her down to him.

Judy made a few experienced moves on her part and soon the couple had completely forgotten the silent, hovering saucer hanging over New York.

Even the wind, rising after a brief nap, was totally ignored by the couple as it playfully dashed back and forth above them.

## No leg-pull



"It's NOT just calf-love, Miss Smith  
— I love ALL of you!"



"Bet you a penny I can kiss you without my lips touching you!"  
"I bet you can't!"



"Here's a penny; I'm a good loser."

"Amazing, simply amazing!" Dr. L. D. Mountbust-Wald took his eyes from the telescope and looked around the room. At least twenty of his colleagues crowded around, demanding to know if he, the greatest authority on flying saucers, confirmed their opinions and theories.

Pushing them back with his pudgy hands, Dr. Mountbust-Wald caught his breath and waited for silence.

"Gentlemen, it is a flying saucer, and I believe it is alien in origin."

The press dashed for the telephones and the gathered astronomers and scientists buzzed with note comparison and theory-argumentation.

Raising his hand for silence, Dr. Mountbust-Wald continued over the subdued hubbub.

"Furthermore, I would venture to say that this saucer — not the ordinary type that has been viewed by the public or individuals — has some specific purpose for being here."

Dr. Mountbust-Wald pulled a well-used handkerchief from his hip pocket and blew his nose.

"What the purpose is, I don't have any idea. It could be anything. The saucer may be here simply to spy on us and see how advanced — or retarded we are. It may be here by accident, although I would rule that out on the basis that no intelligent race — and whoever this saucer belongs to is intelligent — would allow that to happen."

He scratched the tip of his nose which itched.

"It may be that the saucer is here to deliver a message of importance to us. This would be my theory, if I were forced to choose. However, we can't take a chance. Don't forget the possibility that it is a weapon; one that might destroy all of New York."

"But wouldn't they have already struck if it were a weapon?" objected a pale-faced astronomer.

"Not necessarily," replied Mountbust-Wald. "They may be waiting for the proper conditions before releasing whatever forces are contained within the saucer, whether it be leaflets or some awesome force beyond our comprehensions."

Mountbust-Wald looked about him. "On my suggestion, however, the city of New York is deciding whether evacuation should take place. To be on the safe side, I'm sure that New York will not take any chances."

Mountbust-Wald waved toward the door.

"That will be all, gentlemen. I have to return to my work now, if you don't mind."

The crowd began to file out of the room, pulling on light topcoats to ward off the bite of the gusty New York winds in the streets below. Mountbust-Wald waited until the room was empty before he returned to the telescope.

"Amazing, simply amazing!" he repeated as he watched the silent saucer over New York.





The missing ingredient  
in America's formula for  
a strong economy:

**JOY**

Brig. Gen. Marshall A. "All or Nothing" Tactwell slapped his thigh with a leather quirt that had been through two major wars as he studied a civil defense map of New York.

"Has any contact with the saucer been established?" he asked a sub-ordinate.

"No sir. They're still trying."

"Hmmm," said "All or Nothing". "Hmmm."

He double-timed over to the window and flicked the sill with his quirt as he stared at the pinkish saucer that hung silently in exactly the same spot it had appeared in. A newspaper skittered along the street below, puffed out by a straying breeze.

"All or Nothing" decided the saucer was hostile. He couldn't afford to take chances with the entire population of New York as his responsibility.

About-facing, he snapped off commands in cadence to the whop-whop! of the quirt.

"Evacuation! Women and children first! Then civil authorities - all city, state, and national! Then the rest. Use National Guard! Order Air Force to open no hostilities at least until after evacuation or open aggressiveness on the part of the saucer! Hop to! Snap!"

Uniformed men began jumping about, shouting orders into phones and tracing routes on maps; anything that resulted in an orderly bedlam.

"All or Nothing" turned his back on the general melee and watched the silent saucer hover.

Harry Giltedge shifted down on his still unpaid for brand new El Dorado. Traffic was moving slowly. Harry had decided the car was the only thing worth saving when the evacuation order came, but now he found himself wishing he had walked. He'd make better time.

Fuming, he honked his two-tone horn at three jaywalkers and silently wished he could run down a half dozen pedestrians. Glancing up, he saw the pinkish saucer come into view from behind one of the tall skyscrapers, and he ran into the back of an old Plymouth Coup.

Nellie Neddlelocks had shrugged her shoulders when the National Guard had invaded the privacy of her apartment. Underneath her cool exterior, however, she was slightly ruffled. They could have been decent enough to knock, thereby giving the poor gentleman with her a few moments to at least climb into his shorts.

It had been an embarrassing scene for the Senator. For Nellie, it was just one of the hazards of the trade. She touched the wad of green bills neatly tucked between her two best assets and smiled. He had been such a sweet old gentleman. Maybe they could get together again after all this silly nonsense was over.

She hitched her nightgown closer to keep the wind away from her more exposed parts.

Several college students whistled and Nellie disdainfully stuck her nose high up into the air, bringing the saucer into view.

It was a pretty shade of pink.





Col. Tom "Deadeye" Dickson refused an offered cigarette from his mechanic as he sat on the wing of his jet interceptor wondering why he hadn't received a scramble to investigate the saucer that hung over New York some twenty miles away.

"I'd shoot it down before it could cause any trouble," he said to his mechanic. "Those guys upstairs are just goofing off — too wishy-washy for my taste!"

The mechanic nodded to keep peace in the family. Col. Tom rubbed the top of his closely-cropped head.

"Well, I just guess we sit until the brass make up their minds. It might be too late then, but we'll just have to sit and wait."

Hostiley, he squinted at the barely visible pink spot in the sky some twenty miles away.

"Gentlemen, we are faced with an unusual situation, to say the least," stated Air Force Chief of Staff Cutris LeMiur. "New York is now evacuated; the saucer is still offering no hostilities, and we're just sitting and waiting."

He looked around the table at the gathering of personage which represented every important branch of governmental service — both civil and military.

"To be truthful, I have no idea what to do. I don't want to make the first aggressive move; yet, the public is yelling at us to do something. The population of New York is very unhappy about having to depopulate New York. They would like to return home."

"But what can we do?" interrupted the Secretary of Defense.

"Wait." Cutris LeMiur clamped down tightly on his cigar.

"Wait? But for how long?"

"Until that saucer does something besides just sitting there!"

The room slowly filled with silence. LeMiur removed the cigar from his mouth and waved it helplessly about the room.

"If the aliens controlling that saucer decide to wipe us out, I'm sure they could do it!"

He sat down unhappily.

"What else can we do?"

The silence overflowed and spilled out into the hallway. They would wait.

And wait they did. From the now-reformed Oswald Green-tin to the gastrically upset Cutris LeMiur they waited, eyes focused upon the pinkish saucer over New York. From the contented Bixby Baddacox to the impatient Nellie Needlelocks, they waited.

For three long days they waited. It rained once, and the charm of the rain broke the spell of the whistling wind that some said strayed in from Chicago. It also gave the watchers headaches from eyestrain.



In the last day or so since the rain, the wind had diminished faster than a seventh, and it no longer searched the empty streets of New York for skirts to flip up or hats to lift off and send sailing down the sidewalk.

New York was a silent city fringed with expectant inhabitants. The air was supercharged with the feeling that the saucer would soon reveal its purpose for remaining poised over New York a full week in plain sight and view of each and every inhabitant that wasn't suffering from Bursitis of the neck.

All the Judy Lenchenbaums and Harry Giltedges were craning their necks skyward, centering their attention upon one tiny pink dot that hung motionless and silent, as it had since its appearance which had caused so much trouble and concern for all involved.

Evening came totally ignored. People forgot about the late edition of the paper; supper was left untouched, and in most places, unprepared. Everyone was outside, watching and waiting.

New York was quieter than it had ever been. The wind had vanished, and a still silence took its place.

Then it began. It started with a low rumble. Slowly, the rumble increased until it could be heard over a good fifty to a hundred mile radius.

The tiny pink dot began to quiver. It started to pulsate, growing larger with each beat, its color changing with every throb of the alien sounds it created.

The colors started flashing from shade to shade, hue to hue; then the pink disappeared and a deep purplish color took its place.

The saucer was now only a blurred image of flickering color and whirring sounds.

Dr. L. D. Mountbust-Wald held his breath as he stared through the telescope.

Brig. Gen. Marshall A. "All or Nothing" Tactwell knelt for a short, snappy, silent prayer.

Col. Tom "Deadeye" Dickson stood on the edge of the wing of his interceptor and stuck his fingers into his ears.

And he missed what was said to be, afterward, the most melodic, pure and alluring sound combinations ever to be heard by mere mortals; a sound that promised things to each individual beyond heaven or hell.

As the saucer burst into a multitude of bright, eye-catching, flashy colors that spread and hung all over the sky in mile high letters that could be easily read by any and everyone watching, all those (except Col. Tom Dickson) within a two-hundred mile radius, not only saw, but heard:

**ZWICKLE-FOO HITS THE SPOT,  
TWELVE OUNCE CAPSULE, THAT'S A LOT;  
SIX SOLS AND UNIVERSE BLUE,  
ZWICKLE-FOO IS THE DRINK FOR YOU!**



**CAMILLE**



# PUSS IN THE CORNER



"Doesn't matter—there was a bluebottle in it," said White.  
 "Yes, but we could still have used the saucer again," said Carter. He put the two halves into the sink-tidy. Then, evidently thinking of something, he took them out again and stowed them in his pocket. "You were saying?"  
 "Lay a trail of food," said White. "Appetizing little snacks."  
 "We tried milk," I said. "He spurned it."

"Then we'll try something else. What else have you got?"

Between us we managed to find quite a lot of tempting cold leftovers: potatoes, cabbage, treacle-tart, liver-sausage, a rather of bacon and a grilled kidney.  
 "Jolly nice," said White, licking his fingers.

"Yes, but what about the kitten?" said Carter plaintively.  
 "We'll lay a trail with the cold potato," I promised him, gulping.

We were still at it when three women arrived. Mrs. Carter (home from her shopping) and Elizabeth and White's wife (to see why we were so long). We dispersed.

The three of us met over a pint in the 'White Hart' that night.  
 "What did yours say to you?" asked White.

"Same as yours said to you, I expect," I said.

We sighed and drank.  
 "How could a man be expected to know that electric-cookers aren't like kitchen-ranges?" said Carter moodily. "They pull out—right away from the wall, when you want to get under them."

"I know," I said.  
 "I know," said White.

CARTER'S face peered anxiously at me over the fence.

"I say, old man, I wish you'd come and give me a hand," he said. His voice was even more anxious than his face.

"What with?" I inquired warily. I once found myself spending the entire afternoon mowing Carter's lawn, through agreeing to give him a hand without making full inquiries beforehand.

"It's that damn kitten. It's got under the stove, and I can't get him out."

"Leave him to find his own way out," I advised. "He'll come out when he's hungry."

"I know, but I'd rather he came out before my wife gets back from her shopping," he said.

"You want the kitten to be waiting on the doorstep to welcome her?"

"It isn't that so much, but you know what women are. She'll think I've been ill-treating the thing, and it's gone under the cooker for refuge."

"I'll come right over," I said with sympathy. I quite saw his point. It is a peculiar thing about women—the way they always suspect their husbands of only waiting for their backs to be turned before inflicting all manner of sadistic brutalities on the household pets.

So I went round, and Carter and I stood in the kitchen gazing at the electric-cooker rather helplessly.

"Not much space under it," said Carter. "You wouldn't think he'd be able to squeeze under it."

"He won't, when he's older. Kittens get bigger as they grow older," I said with inane encouragement.

"Yes, but that doesn't really help, because he's there now."

"Quite," I agreed harshly. "Quite. Have you tried calling him?"

"Of course I have."

"Well, let me call him. He might come out to a strange voice."

"Why the devil should he?" asked Carter rather tartly.

"I can't imagine," I admitted. "Still, he might. What's his name?"

"Er—Marilyn," said Carter, blushing. "You know how kittens wiggle."

"Marilyn, Marilyn, Marilyn!"

I called. "Out you come, then—good boy!"

Marilyn didn't come. I lay flat on my tummy on the kitchen floor and peered under the cooker. A pair of large blue eyes surrounded by soft grey mutton-chop whiskers peered back at me.

"He's still there," I reported, standing up and wiping my hands on my trousers. Observing the result, I then wiped my trousers on my hands.

"It's only grease," said Carter comfortingly. "The kitten found the dripping this morning, and fought it all over the floor, pretending it was a mouse."

"I wish he'd been right," I said. "Have you tried luring him out with milk?"

"That sounds a good idea," said Carter, brightening. "I daresay my wife could spare the drop left in this bottle—the one with the bluebottle in it."

We poured out the milk into a saucer, placed it past by the cooker and chirruped away like a couple of nightingales. Marilyn stayed where he was.

"I wish White would come," said Carter worriedly.

"Is he supposed to be coming?"

"Yes, I told him first. He said he'd be round as soon as he'd finished with his greendly."

"Oh!" I said, a shade buffly.

"I'm sorry if I've come round unnecessarily. I'm afraid it didn't strike me that you would consider White better at removing kittens from under electric-cookers than me."

"Well, old man, you haven't done much so far, have you?" he pointed out.

At this juncture, White arrived, with a rather tall story of the number of greendly he'd bagged since lunch.

"Now, let's see about this kitten," he said briskly, kneeling down on the dripping, to my pleasure. "Puss, puss, puss!" He clicked his fingers enticingly.

"I say, I do hope you haven't still got D.D.T. or derris-dust all over your hands," said Carter anxiously. "If he got a sniff of that, and my wife came home to find him stiff and stark—"

"Pooh, D.D.T. doesn't hurt animals," said White. "There was

a chap in the Army once made and ate a pancake made out of D.D.T."

"Why did he do that?" asked Carter, interested.

"Hungry, I suppose," said White. "H'mm! Haven't you got a broom we could sweep him out with?"

"Yes, but it would have to be a soft broom," said Carter humbly. "I'll get one."

He did so. Then, as it didn't fit, he got a hard broom. That didn't fit, either. I cleverly found the flue-brush, and fished about with that under the cooker. Carter grabbed me by the legs—I'd given up worrying about dripping by this time—and hauled me away.

"You'll get him all over soot, and then what would my wife think?" he cried.

"Do you happen to know anybody with a ferret?" asked White. He spoke frivolously, but Carter withered him with a look. He was not in the mood for simple fun.

"What we want to do," said White, wisely turning serious, "is to—"

"Mind the milk," interrupted Carter.





# SOFT AND SWEET

"LET us," said Lulu, "take a walk round the lake."  
If it didn't give you the doodah!

There she was, soft and sweet, made to cuddle. There was he, as ready to cuddle as ever a man was. There were they. And the green grass grew all round.

"I was telling you," said Freddy, "about that time when I was in Australia."

"Sorry," said Lulu.  
"About how these three hold-up boys were coming on and things were looking real nasty, when suddenly I steps forth and gives 'em just one look—"

"Sorry," said Lulu.  
"I thought you liked men to be tough."

"Sorry," said Lulu.  
"Well," said Freddy, "there was I—"

"I do," said Lulu.  
"I beg yours," said Freddy.  
"Like men to be tough," said Lulu.

And she gives Freddy a kiss and he gives her a squeeze and all's well again.

"Well," said Freddy, "there was I, and these three hold-up boys were coming on, looking like murder all over, when without a word I steps forth and fixes my eyes on these lads—"

Something went plonk.  
"I beg your pardon?" said Lulu.

"How d'you mean?" said Freddy.  
"I thought you said plonk," said Lulu.

"I certainly did not say plonk," said Freddy. "Something went plonk. Back of these bushes."

"Whatever," said Lulu, "could go plonk? It's such a silly thing to go."

Something went plonk again.  
"It's becoming," said Lulu, "a habit."

"It's becoming," said Freddy, "a nuisance."

"What would you say it was," said Lulu, "that went plonk."

"Just guessing," said Freddy, "I'd say it was a javelin."

"A whatlin?" said Lulu.

"You've seen these athletic capers," said Freddy, "where guys heave things about in order to win cups and similar doings and these things which these guys heave go plonk."

"Pardon?" said Lulu.

"Javelins," said Freddy, looking exhausted.

"But why do they do it?" said Lulu.

"I've told you," said Freddy.  
"Sorry," said Lulu.

"Look," said Freddy, "don't you worry your pretty little head about such miserable matters. You're soft and sweet and meant for higher things. Forget all that bilge and kiss your Freddy."

Lulu forgot all that bilge and kissed her Freddy.  
And something went plonk again.

"It's settling in for the day," said Lulu. "Why do these whatlins have to happen in the park?"

"The wets who go in for same come here to practise," Freddy explained.

"Sounds silly to me," said Lulu.

"It's worse than silly," said Freddy. "It gives you the doodahs. Heaving javelins about. It isn't natural."

And at a heavenly moment like this. Just when he'd got the right type of girl, all soft and sweet, where the green grass grew all around.

Making him think of Janet! Janet had not been the soft and sweet type. Janet had been the ridiculous sort of girl who expected men to throw things and jump things and run distances.

There was something about Janet that reminded a bloke of sirloin.

Yes, Janet had definitely been a mistake.

He remembered that time when he had been telling her about that time in Australia when those three hold-up boys had been

coming on and things were looking real nasty.

Just as he was working up to the thrilling climax Janet had said, "Go throw a javelin."

There'd been quite a row.

Freddy had pointed out that girls were not made for such thoughts as that. Girls were meant to have soft thoughts and sweet thoughts. Girls were made to cuddle. What did she think the green grass grew all around for? Hay?

And Janet had said that he gave her the doodahs.

And Freddy had said all right, then, if that's what she thought about it.

And he had hiked off and left her to her stupid thoughts. And the next time he saw her she had been walking out with a javelin-heaving type, and he had taken absolutely no notice of her.

"You thinking of something?" asked Lulu.

"Matter of fact," said Freddy, "I was."

"What?" said Lulu.

"You wouldn't understand," said Freddy. "So don't tire your pretty little intellect bothering about it. You keep on being soft and sweet and I'll keep on thanking the stars for the day I met you. Kiss your little Freddy."

Lulu kissed her little Freddy.

And something went plonk.

"I think it's disgusting," said Lulu.

"Don't kid yourself," said Freddy. "If girls wasn't made to kiss what was girls made for?"

"I mean," said Lulu, "heaving those whatlins about all over a

public park. Just at the back of these bushes they are every time. They might have hit me."

"Or me," said Freddy.

"And a fat lot of kissing and cuddling you can get on with if you've been hit by a whatelin," said Lulu.

"There's that," Freddy agreed.

"What you ought to do," said Lulu, "is go and tell the louts off."

"There's that," Freddy said again.

"Well?" said Lulu.

"I'm going," said Freddy. He went.

As he ploughed his way out at the other side of the bushes a javelin missed him by an inch.

"Hi, you!" he shouted to a strapping type across the grass. "Have a heart! Do you want to finish up in wax in the Chamber of Horrors?"

The strapping type threw away a javelin, folded its arms and waited. Freddy, wondering if Lulu was peeping through the bushes behind, ploughed on.

"This caper's dangerous," said Freddy. "You nearly sliced my girl-friend just now. Pack it up and don't let me have to tell you again."

"Speaking to me?" said the strapping type.

There was something in that voice. Freddy looked up. The strapping type was Janet, all dressed for heaving.

"Er—" said Freddy.

"Girl-friend, you said?" said Janet. "Sorry to keep you from her."

And she picked up Freddy. She heaved.

Freddy shot through the air, through the bushes, and settled with a thud next to Lulu.

"You're soon back," said Lulu.

"Well, go on. You were saying—? About that time when you were in Australia."

"Let us," said Freddy, "take a walk round the lake."



# GETTING HER MAN

"I DARE SAY," said Alf Briggs, mine boss of the 'Red Cow,' leaning his arms in a puddle of beer on the counter, "you blokes are looking forward to getting your faces round the old turkey and the old plum pudding and the old mince-pies!"

A fellow in the corner made a sound like a burp.

"All out of a tin or the deep-freeze," murmured a sour-looking Mild-and-Bitter. "They don't dish up a real Christmas dinner these days. Not like I had as a nipper."

"You got something there," Alf nodded. "Though, mark you, there are still a few of the old brigade left. The women who know the way to a man's heart. By way of the old rum-tum. My sister Lil is a case in point. Ever hear of my sister Lil?"

No, we said, we hadn't heard about Alf's sister, Lil.

"She was never much to look at, Lil wasn't," Alf said. "A pleasant enough girl in many ways. One of them homely pusses that go with sock-darning and stoking the boiler. No statistics of the kind what you'd call vital. When Mother Nature carved our Lil, she must have used a blunt chisel."

"Of course, when Lil passed the thirty mark, she thought, 'I've had it.' She had no fancy ideas about herself, see? As far as Lil was concerned, she was on the shelf. Unless she did something quick, that is."

"Then she remembered the wisdom she'd learned at her old mother's knee. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. So Lil says, 'What am I waiting for?' And she girds herself for battle, so to speak, by taking a concentrated course of cookery."

"Carried off every prize going. Lil did, from gold medals down to diplomas on vellum. And, believe me, gents, she deserved every one. She used to practise on her friends and relatives. It was a treat to sit down to one of Lil's meals. Her Christmas efforts were a dream. The food of the gods. Nobody had ever tasted anything quite like it."

"The next step was to find herself a job as cook to a lonely bachelor. One with a fair bit of money in the bank. Not one of

these Upper Crust merchants, Lil being a simple lass with a common-or-garden schooling, but one who could look after Lil well if ever he got round to popping the question, which was a possibility our Lil had in mind.

"The job wasn't very difficult to get. After all, cooks of Lil's talent don't grow on gooseberry bushes. And the lonely bachelor turned out to be a bloke named Ernest Modley. He was old enough to be Lil's dad, but could pass for a bit younger when he was spruced up. The important thing was that he liked his grub. He enjoyed good food better than good whiskey and not-so-good blondes, although he was something of an expert in all these pastimes."

"It didn't take Ernest Modley long to discover that in Lil he found a pearl of great price. Her cooking had to be tasted to be believed. What was more, she seemed quite satisfied with what he paid her, which wasn't much, though she could have asked for almost anything she wanted in any place where good cookery was appreciated."

"Mark you, Lil seemed quite happy working for Modley, because he never said or did a single thing to upset her. He was frightened to death of losing her, you see, and he thought that if he treated her right—even to the extent of giving her money if she asked for it—Lil would be happy

to stay with him to the end of her days."

"Then, all of a sudden, Lil started talking about a chap called Bert. Sometimes Modley would overhear Lil talking to Bert on the 'phone and acting a bit coy. And on her half-days off, she would say to Modley: 'I'd like to get away on the early side, because I'm going to meet my friend Bert.'"

"Modley was worried. He said one day: 'Who's this fellow Bert, Lil?' And she said: 'Well, I met him when my bike got a puncture one day. He mended it for me. We've been seeing each other off and on ever since. He's not very much really—just an ordinary working chap—but he's kind to me and we get on fine.'"

"Bert's name crept more and more into Lil's conversation, and she seemed to be meeting him more and more often. And now Modley got really worried, Lil's cooking improved all the time, and Modley no longer bothered about hotels and restaurants because the food Lil served up was always so much better."

"Modley would sit and brood on what would happen if he lost Lil. You see, good eating was so important to him—a sort of obsession—and he knew he could never replace Lil in a thousand years."

"The biggest blow of his life was when Lil said to him: 'I think you'd better start looking for someone else to take my place, Mr. Modley. My friend Bert is

talking about us getting married, and I'm giving it serious consideration.'"

"This made Modley go quite pale, because his passion for good food, together with other excesses, had given him the permanent colour of a ripe plum. He said: 'Aren't you comfortable here, Lil?'"

"Lil said: 'Well, yes, but a woman of my age can't afford to turn down the chance of getting wed.' And Modley said: 'But this chap Bert hasn't got much money, has he? I mean, you aren't going to get the sort of home that you've got with me?'"

"Lil said: 'Quite so, Mr. Modley, but it's hardly the same thing, is it? You see, if I could only call this place my home . . . and it was then that something exploded inside Modley. Maybe he saw a life without Lil's cooking stretching away before him. He gulped and said: 'You don't want to do anything silly, Lil. Perhaps we'd better think of making a home—together—on a—legal basis, if you understand me.'"

"It was all Lil wanted, of course. She and Modley got married a few weeks later. And for the first time Lil found out what Modley was worth in terms of £ s. d. Quite a nice nest-egg he had."

"When they got back after their honeymoon, Lil said: 'Now, Ernest . . . '—she called him Ernest now, not Mr. Modley, and had him where she wanted him—'now, Ernest, we've got to find a good cook.' Modley stared at her, went pale again, and almost lost his voice. 'Cook?' he said."

"Lil said: 'Really, Ernest, you can't expect a woman in my position, in a home like ours, to do her own cooking? It just isn't done. We must engage a cook at once.'"

"Modley dare not say he'd only married Lil because she was the world's best cook. He just brooded. In fact, he never got over it, and kicked the bucket not long afterwards."

"Mine host of the 'Red Cow' hunched. "When I said to her: 'Do you ever regret not marrying Bert?'—well, she just gave me a shy look," Bert" she said. "There never was anyone called Bert—I just made him up!"

"An Old-and-Mild muttered: "Cunning as a wagon-load of monkeys, these women."

"Yes," Alf Briggs said. "but she sure can cook, our Lil. Very comfortably off she is now. Doesn't have to do any cooking herself. But at Christmas she turns to and prepares the meal of a lifetime. The missus and I are privileged to sit at her festive board. I look forward to it all the year round. Drink up, gents, and have the next on me."

## TANTALIZING



# RENE ANDRE



scoop!

**"THE world's most perfect woman" is the tag fans from all over the world apply to the darling of the Italian screen, Gina Lollobrigida—but is she?**

Among the thousands of statements made about Gina, here are some which her countrymen could tell you are—

**TRUE:** PEOPLE who have seen Gina in the flesh describe her as "a mystery of imperfect pieces." Says a critic: "She is too small, her nose is too large, her figure too ordinary."

She uses specially-made corsets to build up her figure. If you were allowed to examine those famous curves you would discover they are mostly foam rubber, with the exception of the bust.

A child of simple Italian peasants, she spent a big part of her childhood in the slums of Rome.

Her family peddled blackmarket cigarettes and stolen Army blankets. Little Gina was often in charity kitchens queuing up for food.

She knows little, cares less about art. Her luxury Italian villa is crammed with priceless antiques; but they were put there by husband Milko, not by Gina.

Sophisticated people terrify her. She doesn't like meeting people, takes refuge behind a carefully rehearsed performance on any big occasion.

She has the Italian peasant's passion for extravagant clothes; has 250 outfits and is continually buying others.

Her looks have become an obsession with her. She doesn't consider other women, even Hollywood's Marilyn Monroe, to be serious opposition.

She realises it is looks, not acting ability, which have got her where she is. She has carefully studied all Hollywood tricks and makes use of them continually.

High platform sole shoes bring her height up to about five feet four inches. Without them she is only a little over five feet.

**FALSE:** THE publicity men say: Gina is the world's most perfect woman.

She has no figure faults. Her curves are all her own. That she comes from a wealthy, blue-blooded Italian family and is used to a life of sophistication and luxury.

She is a girl of discriminating taste with a fine appreciation of art.

She is bored with herself and often wishes she could look like some other woman.

Socially, she is poised and confident.

Given a chance, she would wear slacks and inexpensive dresses.

That she is a serious actress who has not time, nor the desire to copy the tricks of Hollywood's beauty queens.

She is five feet five inches tall

# Where ARE Those Venus Hips ?

This picture shows Gino in one of the rare poses when she shows her legs.

In most publicity pictures Gino is well covered and that's why the critics ask:

"Are those curves really sponge rubber padding?"

**NEXT PAGE**







**GINA**



"I LIKE YOU GRETCHEN, BECAUSE YOU'RE DIFFERENT!"

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